

# THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

APRIL, 1824.

No. 4.

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## LORD BYRON'S POETICAL SOUL.

AN editor in Philadelphia, who holds the pen of a rapid writer, speaks of a certain Soul as existing in the Poems of Lord Byron, which he says "no versifier can gain," and which he holds out to the public as a full compensation for all the false rhymes, false numbers, false grammar, false reasoning, and false morality, which those are doomed to encounter who read that nobleman's productions.

In our preceding numbers, we have said so much concerning Lord Byron's poetry, that many of our readers are, no doubt, desirous that we should abandon the topic, at least for some time. We are indeed, ourselves tired of it, and should not, at present, have taken any notice of his Lordship's muse, which we are glad to find even its most determined eulogizers begin to be convinced is a muse destitute of *taste*, if it were not that some who candidly avow their conversion on this point, like the editor just mentioned, still fondly cling to the worship of their idol, on the ground, that, if his verses be not dressed up with taste, they are at least filled with thought, or as they rather choose to express it, possessed of the "*Soul of Poetry*."

What these obstinate worshippers of his Lordship, who have been driven to the acknowledgement that he frequently versifies in a manner that outrages all the rules of harmony, good taste, and common decency, mean by so emphatically and exclusively ascribing to his poetry a Soul, we are at some loss to understand.

It is plain that if this Soul means any thing, it must be some quality distinct from any that can be found in prose. It cannot, therefore, be any species of thought. It can neither be fire, animation, force, nor enthusiasm of idea, for prose has often possessed these in the highest perfection; neither can it be pathos, tenderness, nor sublimity, for these are also frequently discovered in prose. What species of *soul*, therefore, is possessed by poetry that prose does not also possess, unless it be what we on a former occasion alluded to, the *soul of Harmony*, we could earnestly wish some of the connoisseurs to inform us. Now, that there is the smallest particle of this soul in nine tenths of Lord Byron's poetry, we believe no man whose ear can distinguish the sound of a violin from the rumbling of a wheelbarrow, will venture to assert. That in the multiplicity of his Lordship's productions we should by dint of industrious research, discover some easy flowing passages, and brilliant ideas, is not much to his credit; for we shall, if we make the experiment, find many things in the dull heroics of Sir Richard Blackmore, admirable in both these particulars. In his Poem of "The Creation," which we admit is by far his best production, this despised author has given us specimens of sublime originality, and, at the same time of propriety of conception, as well as of flowing and harmonious diction, which if Byron had written would have been produced by his idolators as sufficient atonement for whole volumes of that doggerel and coarse vulgarity, and cynical barking found in the heavy and clumsy stanzas with which he has pestered the world.

The last observation is peculiarly suited to the present state of the public opinion respecting Byron's poetry. All who frequent those circles in which its character is made a topic of discussion, will find that those who undertake its defence, uniformly do so on the credit of one or two poems, among the dozens he has produced, permitting the rest to be consigned to that condemnation which they are obliged to acknowledge they deserve. When they are forced to abandon "The Island," "The Age of Bronze," and that epitome of every thing disgusting and despicable, "Don Juan," they immediately entrench themselves behind some passages of "The Corsair,"



"The Giaour," "The English Bards," and the tedious cogitations of "Childe Harold." Many passages in these last poems are good ; but few, very few, indeed, can be looked upon as first rate poetry. In our estimation, "Eloisa to Abelard," "The Deserted Village," and "The Pleasures of Hope," are, each of them, of more value to our poetical literature than the whole catalogue of Byron's performances ; and we think we might challenge all the admirers of the titled rhymster to produce from his whole works, passages of equal force, animation, pathos, and harmony of cadence, with those that we could, almost without selection, produce from either of the above mentioned poems.

That there are occasional beauties in even the worst of Byron's works, it would be unjust to deny ; but that these beauties are, in either quantity or quality, sufficient to atone for the overwhelming host of blemishes they contain, we think that no man of judgment and true scrupulosity of conscience, who fairly considers the subject, will be hardy enough to maintain. As to permitting these beauties, which in proportion to the deformities of his poetry, are only as a few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, to elevate his poetical character to the height of a standard or classical poet, it appears to us as preposterous as it would be to make Mordecai Noah president of the United States, merely because he has the merit of having exposed the Geographical blunders of editor Stone. One or two good qualities are surely not sufficient to establish a man's reputation for surpassing virtue, when a thousand that are bad can be laid to his charge. The perfections and imperfections of every man should be carefully weighed, and the goodness or badness of his character determined according to the side which preponderates.

With respect to the Soul of poetry which some plead in favour of Byron as an atonement for his bad taste, we look upon it to be a phrase, the meaning of which, even those who use it must find it difficult to comprehend. But be its meaning what it may, it appears to us rather injudicious to bring it forward in defence of poetry written with bad taste, for the Soul of such poetry, if it has any, can never claim a legitimate connexion with the

graceful muses. It must be of the bastard breed, and fit only to inspire such harsh-toned verses as are found in the barbarous stanzas that have latterly made such terrible attacks upon the simplicity and elegance of our poetical diction.

The true Soul of poetry, if the critics will insist that poetry has a Soul, common sense will tell us must be something peculiar to it which it cannot share with prose. But what that quality of composition is, which prose cannot claim as well as poetry, unless it be *harmony of numbers*, we confess we are utterly unable to discover, and should be truly thankful to the critic who would inform us. We caution him, however, against saying that it is either invention, fancy, pathos, fire, enthusiasm, force of thought, propriety of expression, or any other quality which the mind of man can impart to literature, unless it can be imparted to poetry alone. If this distinction be not observed, it is plain that the quality which may be held forth as the Soul of poetry will not be exclusively *its* Soul, and consequently will form no mark peculiarly characteristic of its nature.

Since we have said so much against Lord Byron's claim to the character of a *good* poet, we think it but just to state our real estimate of his Lordship's talents as a writer. We consider them of no common order. He has the faculty of looking most acutely into the human heart, and he has the boldness to expose without reserve or compassion, whatever he there discovers of villany, as well as of weakness, to the condemnation or ridicule, nay, often to the detestation and horror of the world. Hence his genius is particularly fitted for satire and vituperation. The circumstances of his erratic life have greatly contributed to foster this disposition; and he in consequence excels all the writers of the day in the bitterness of his invectives, and the merciless severity of his ridicule. He is the literary scourge of the times; but this is certainly a different character from that of the best poet, which his admirers claim for him. As such we consider him far inferior to Campbell, to Shee, to Rogers, or even to Scott. There is a taste, a delicacy of perception, a feeling of harmony, and a facility, a free and easy flow of beautiful expression necessary, in our opinion, to form the true poet, in all



of which Byron is miserably deficient. We believe if he were to abandon poetry altogether, and turn his attention solely to prose composition, that he would be more in his element, and would produce works infinitely more worthy of the world's applause, than any he ever has, or until he cultivates a better taste, ever will produce in verse.

Voltaire, whom in the nature and extent of his talents, he seems to resemble more than any other writer of eminence of the last, or perhaps any other age, was incomparably more effective and excellent as a prose writer than as a poet, and this we are very certain would be the case with his lordship if he were to try the experiment. What prose pieces he has given to the world are admirable for the vigour, accuracy, and perspicuity of their style. They are, to our taste, deficient in scarcely any requisite of good prose. They might, it is true, be the better of occasionally possessing a little more smoothness and fluency in the construction of the sentences. But these, although indispensable to the formation of elegant poetry, are qualities of a very inferior order in prose, and in Byron's prose, their absence is amply atoned for by the strength and precision of the thoughts, and the unaffected ease and clearness of the language. As a writer of prose, we are decidedly of opinion that if his Lordship would bend the force of his talents to it, he would command universal and permanent applause. As a poet, multitudes are already disgusted with him, and in the lapse of half a century, we venture to predict, that not one twentieth part of his voluminous works will be considered worth reading.

On the whole, with respect to a "Soul," we conceive that Lord Byron has a *prose* one of extraordinary powers; but the Muses had little or nothing to do with its formation, otherwise they would have taught it to sing more harmoniously than it is in the habit of doing, for we all know that they are great lovers of harmony. To prove, however, that they have not imparted to his Soul any of their musical inspiration, and that he is consequently unqualified for the office of an agreeable poet, we quote a few passages from the last portion of Don Juan with which he has insulted the world.

That's noble! that's romantic! For my part  
 I think that "Philo-genitiveness" is—  
 (Now here's a word quite after my own heart,  
 Though there's a shorter a good deal than this.  
 If that politeness set it not apart;  
 But I'm resolv'd to say nought that's amiss.)  
 I say, me thinks that "Philo-genitiveness"  
 Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 But on the whole, to general admiration  
 He acquitted both himself and horse; the 'squires  
 Marvell'd at merit of another nation;  
 The boors cried, "Dang it! who'd have thought it?" Sires;  
 The Nestor's of the sporting generation, &c.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange,  
 Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,  
 How much would Novels gain by the exchange,  
 How differently the world would men behold!  
 How oft would vice and virtue places change! &c.

In order to place in a striking point of view the deformity of such trash as the foregoing, we shall extract a passage from the works of a true poet, yet living, whose organs have been tuned to harmony by the sweetest breathings of the Muses, and whose natural good taste has been improved by careful cultivation, until it is really worthy of that refinement which should characterize the nineteenth century. This preface is from the *Pleasures of Hope*, and we present it here with the greater satisfaction, as it will afford our readers a pleasing refreshment after the torture of perusing the harsh hobbling verses we have given from Byron. The poet of *Hope*, addresses the theme of his inspired song as follows.

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy  
 The sacred home of Hymenean joy;  
 When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,  
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—  
 Oh there, prophetic hope! thy smile bestow,  
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know—  
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store  
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,  
 Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage  
 Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.



What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,  
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;  
 Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,  
 That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses grey,  
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
 And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field,  
 And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe  
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;  
 Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smiles endears  
 The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,  
 Health shall prolong to many a festive hour,  
 The social pleasures of his humble bower.

By contrasting these quotations, we should think that the dullest faculties could not fail to perceive the immense difference between good and bad poetry.

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ON THE INFLUENCE

OF

FEMALE BEAUTY UPON MEN.

It is a remark as old, perhaps, as the first formation of our species, that "a lovely woman is the loveliest production of nature." An inquiry, therefore, into what constitutes this loveliness, which has always made such an impression on our sex, cannot fail to interest our readers.

Men are naturally formed for bold and arduous undertakings with a strength of mind not consistent with much delicacy, and a strength of body that lessens gracefulness; and as their circumstances require them often to exert those qualifications, their tempers would, in a short time, become as harsh, and their lives as unhappy, as their enterprises would be difficult, were it not for the salutary cautions, the softening and cheering influence of a milder and more timid sex. They are also actuated by a restless and irresistible spirit of ambition, which plunges them into competition with each other, in whatever are their common objects of pursuit. Hence when their enterprises fail, and enterprises commenced in rashness, and carried on with difficulty, must often prove unsuccessful, they generally ascribe the misfortune to each others opposition.

This never ceasing source of chagrin in minds of a nature so rough and unyielding, is sufficient to produce all the secret rancour or avowed animosity, which, since the days of Cain until the present time, have rendered the world an almost continued scene of misery and bloodshed. Even in the happier hours of convivial enjoyment, the envy of similar pretensions, or the jealousy of contending interests, often destroys confidence, and dissolves friendships which were probably sincere, but which to be lasting must be founded upon the long experience of mutual good offices, and the certainty of mutual attachment. This genuine friendship, in many cases, may have existed between individuals of the female sex, but between individuals of ours at least, it has been extremely rare.

Women, on the other hand, not being our rivals in any of those qualifications, for which we wish to be distinguished, we give them credit for sincerity in whatever esteem and admiration they profess for us. Besides which, considering them unprejudiced judges, we congratulate ourselves upon their approbation as being the true criterion by which our merits should be estimated. Hence from their attachment we receive the gratification of both our self love and our social affections. In their arms we take refuge from the ill treatment of the world, and from their smiles we derive consolation for all its injustice.

To those who are so useful to us, it is becoming on our part to afford the boon of admiration ; and it fortunately happens, that to the qualities for which they are chiefly desirous of admiration, we are willing enough to yield it. As their minds are formed of softer materials, that they may not rival us in any of those hardy qualifications of which we are so proud, so their bodies are formed of a finer texture that they may have qualifications of their own though of a different nature to display. We therefore feel no hesitation, nay we feel delight, in acknowledging their superiority in tenderness and personal beauty, since they so cheerfully acknowledge ours in energy and strength of mind. Nor is this reciprocity of compliment, which tends so much to preserve a good understanding between the sexes, feigned. Being founded on truth, and both parties knowing it to be so, it is the



more pleasing, and the more likely to be lasting. There are two lines in *Paradise Lost*, which, as they are finely descriptive of this difference of qualifications between the sexes, we may be allowed to quote.

For contemplation he and valor formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

The timidity and feebleness of women endear them more to us perhaps, than any other qualities they possess ; as, in cases of the slightest alarm, those qualities oblige them to gratify our favourite passion by looking up to us for that protection which we are always willing to afford.—Hence another cause of our great predilection for female beauty seems to be, that, as we naturally wish to find something excellent in those for whom we are so ready to exert ourselves on every occasion, we bend our attention at once to that external beauty to which we ourselves make little pretension. We contemplate it with delight ; we dwell upon it with enthusiasm, until we persuade ourselves that they possess it in the highest degree of perfection. In this the imagination has a powerful influence ; for, let the investigators of the principles of external beauty, or the regulators of human taste, say what they please, our ideas of female loveliness depend more upon an association of images, bringing agreeable recollections to the mind, than on any specific excellence of shape or complexion. This is proved by the great diversity of taste concerning beauty that is every day displayed by mankind. Some are fond of the robust, and some of the slender in shape ; some are fond of the ruddy, some of the dark, and others of the pale in complexion. A set of features highly pleasing to one man, may be disgusting to another ; nay, the same man may, at different times, have different ideas of beauty, according as the association of agreeable or disagreeable images arises in his mind. We grant that there are some external appearances which no man can consider beautiful, and if to these be added a certain deformity of mind, a mind too bold, or too nearly approaching to those qualifications which our sex considers as its peculiar property, the possessor becomes disgusting, not so much for her personal as her mental deformity.

It is well known how much custom reconciles the mind to the appearance of a figure, however bad, or a countenance however

forbidding ; and how frequently women possessing no share of external beauty have become objects of love, and general admiration, merely from the elegance of their minds; whilst others of the most unexceptionable personal appearance have remained unloved, unadmired, and perhaps despised for want of those more useful and more lasting accomplishments. There is scarcely any one acquainted with human affairs, who does not recollect instances in which women to whom nature may have been rather unkind, have borne away the prize of a good match from rivals possessed of the most imposing external charms, and who thought to carry all before them by the mere force of personal attractions. There is a very pretty story to this purpose, told in No. 33 of the *Spectator*, which we would earnestly recommend to the perusal of our fair countrywomen.

We do not wish to underrate the value of external beauty in females. It is a gift from nature for which the possessor has a right to be congratulated ; a gift for which she should always be thankful, but never vain. We, in common with other men, have occasionally felt the power of personal charms ; but it was only for a moment, unless when accompanied by those more impressive attractions, which shew a lovely mind from the mirror of countenance. When thus accompanied, they are indeed irresistible. But we can assure the ladies that mere external charms alone, however great, never will procure for them the enviable title of “ *the loveliest production of nature.*” They must convince us that they will be pleasing and intelligent companions ; that their society is capable not only of increasing our happiness in prosperity, but of yielding us consolation in adversity, before we can consider them worthy of such a title. A great genius in sculpture may produce a statue according to the exactest rules of symmetrical beauty, and a great genius in painting may lavish all the art of his profession in order to finish it in the most exquisite style of colouring, so that it will excite the applause and admiration of every one who sees it. But it never will be able to excite in the mind any of those tender emotions, which are always produced by the sight of an interesting woman. The reason is, in the one we can only observe external beauty, but in the other we can observe not only external



beauty, but what is infinitely superior, and often atones for the want of it, the internal charms of modesty and good nature. Milton, when he represents Adam accounting to the angel for the excess of his affection for Eve, and for the preference he had enthusiastically given her over every other part of the earthly creation, puts the following words into his mouth:

“Not her outside so fair,  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow,  
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which in her declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul.”

There is attached to some women, not very remarkable for personal charms, a certain expression both in their countenances, and manners, which renders them more irresistibly engaging than if they possessed the beauty of a Venus, without it.

Having quoted Milton twice, we shall now take the liberty of quoting Pope once, and shall end this article with the exclamation of Clarissa to the boisterous Belinda. Our fair readers, should they feel any inclination to search for the passage, will find it in the celebrated poem of the Rape of the Lock.

“But trust me, dear, good-nature will prevail,  
When tears, and sighs, and screams, and scolding fail!  
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.”

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## COUNTRY LITERATURE.

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No. I.

That a taste for polite literature, has of late been rapidly increasing throughout our country, but more especially in the interior parts, no one, I think, who has considered the subject will deny. Perhaps however, there are few individuals, who appreciate this truth more fully, or enjoy it more sensibly than myself.

It is now about three years since, bidding adieu to the gay circles of one of our greatest cities, I accompanied my Uncle Dermot, to his residence in the distant town of ———, situated about a hundred and forty miles from the place of my nativity, and the dear scenes of my earliest pleasures. The whole country around my Uncle's habitation, was a wild looking place to me; but as I am not writing a "descriptive tale" of woods and mountains, and wild cats, and pidgeons, I shall omit all such minor matters, and enter the family at once.

My Uncle is a merchant, the only one in the Village, rich, respected, and hospitable; with a good share of sense; a shrewd observer of men and things as far as respected his own business, or the political situation of the country; but of general or polite literature he knows nothing.

My Aunt is an exact counterpart of the Vicar's "notable woman," a perfect pattern of good housewifery, understands all the sublime mysteries of pickling, preserving, and pye-making; but beyond the domestic horizon, her imagination has never wished to wander. The "Great Unknown" is really and literary *unknown* to her, and she would as soon think of perusing a Chinese mandate, as any of his magic productions.

Their family consists of three children: two sons, and a daughter. Thomas, the eldest has been bred to his father's business, which his worthy parents doubtless thought was "the way he should go;" and he has not even *heard* of that *poetical Comet* whose excentric revolution threatens to shake "pestilence and war" on our taste and morals.

Their second son, Walter, has caused his parents some inquietude, as with all their prudent counsels and "pence calulating" maxims, they can not entirely reduce his mind to the "line and level" of trade. He is what may be termed a "native genius," a character oftener found than appreciated, being generally placed in such unpropitious situations, that, like a lamp in a sepulchre, its holy light is only wasted on the dead.

Little Helen, a sweet child of thirteen, had, at the time of my arrival, merely received the rudiments of a common school education, which in that town, was thought quite sufficient for any lady, and was constantly and actively employed in household cares, or spinning with all the demureness and skill of a Lucretia.

I am (and frankly do I acknowledge it, although at the risk of being termed a "blue") a lover of learning, and however I might sometimes heave a sigh, (and what female would not?) when contrasting the solitude around me, with the gay assemblies in which I had been accustomed to move and shine, still, that regret was feeble compared with what I felt at being de-



prived of my intellectual enjoyments. I consoled myself, however, by reflecting on the credit I might obtain in the family by the superiority of my education, and determined to use my influence for their benefit, by giving them, as far as possible a relish for refined literature and the harmony of the muses. Neither have I been mistaken in my calculation, nor disappointed in its results. The minds of freemen are like rich soils, favourable to the rapid growth of whatever is scattered on their surface; and although the love of gain may have taken too deep root, still there are sunny nooks in which the flowers of science might be successfully cultivated.

Fortunately I had brought with me a good supply of the best, latest, and most fashionable authors; I say *fortunately*, as my Uncle's library was almost entirely composed of—pamphlets.

Heaped on his desk, the repository of all his books, lay a confused medley of Electioneering Addresses, July Orations, Journals of Debates, Proclamations, Sermons, Tracts, etc. though I will do him the justice to say, that Scott's Bible, and Ramsay's History, occupied the most distinguished niches, and with Washington's Valedictory, furnished forth the riches of his mental repasts.

Besides the publications just enumerated they regularly received a weekly paper, and often have I been highly amused by their characteristic methods of perusal. Uncle Dermot generally read the "domestic intelligence," always the political, excepting some Congressional Speeches which he frequently said "were too heavy taxes on country readers." He even doubted their expediency, observing in his business-like way, that where so much was *said*, but little could be *done*. The recipes for cookery and wonderful cures of patent medicine, alone attracted the curiosity of my good Aunt, while Thomas contented himself with the "prices current;" Helen peeped at the Poet's corner—but Walter, beginning at the beginning, only ended with the end.

There was another inmate in the family who must not be forgotten. This was Aunt Rebecca, so called by way of respect being no relative of the family though usually residing with them most of the year. She was a rich maiden lady of sixty perhaps, (I have never exactly ascertained her age,) and saving a few oddities inseparable to her situation, and some hysterical symptoms, was really a kind, benevolent and worthy character. This lady invariably selected for her "feast of reason," the obituary notices, missionary intelligence; but accounted that paper most interesting which came fraught with an execution or a murder.

I had soon, however, the happiness of witnessing an improvement in their taste, when after due precaution and much prepa-

ratory explanation, I introduced my favourite volumes to their notice. In every reading *project* young Walter was my enthusiastic confident and ally, and it was really refreshing to my spirit to see with what avidity his ardent and ambitious mind drank in knowledge as the thirsty land drinks those soft showers which are to cause its verdure to spring, and its flowers to put forth.

The task of educating Helen I undertook with alacrity; and notwithstanding her mother sometimes complained "of work neglected," and her father remarked that "time spent in teaching girls was spent foolishly;" yet I could see their countenances brighten when her drawings were exhibited to their visitors, and her embroidering praised and envied by her youthful companions. At length Uncle confessed to me, that he found some benefits arising from her studies. It appeared that to display to her father her knowledge of the French, which she was acquiring, she had amused him by translating the mottos on a parcel of snuff boxes in his store; and he found a readier sale for them, and consequently, of the precious dust they were formed to contain, by being able to satisfy each lady-customer, of the import of those talismanic characters inscribed on the lid of her new and elegant box, which she had long been inquisitive to discover.

Matters now proceeded swimmingly. We had soon a plentiful supply of every *material* necessary for accelerating the growth of the "young idea," or invigorating and refining the more matured intellect. All orders for books had been promptly honoured by my indulgent Uncle, and every arrangement made with reference to my wishes; yet there was still one deficiency which caused me much vexation, and which appeared difficult to remedy.

To make myself better understood, it is necessary to premise that, during my residence in the city, I had been accustomed to peruse many of the periodical works published in Great Britain and republished in America. Such was the influence they had obtained in the polite circles which I frequented, that scarcely a remark was hazarded on a new book, until after the expression of the critic's pleasure was known; and I felt quite incompetent to form an opinion concerning the literary merit of any work, without a reference to these oracles. Now none of these periodicals were to be obtained in the country, and I ardently wished to persuade my Uncle of the necessity of subscribing for *one* Magazine, at least. The North American Review, I had occasionally perused, and admired, as every person of intelligence must, the display of talent and industry, manifested in its execution; still it was rather too scientific, and learned, for



a lady's cabinet, and I knew it would not be so well relished by the family, as a lighter and more fanciful production. But to my astonishment and mortification, my request was absolutely refused.

"No, Diana, no," said my Uncle, when from my description of these monthly visitants, he had shrewdly penetrated their tendency, "it is quite sufficient to import our *books* from England and Scotland, without importing our *opinions* concerning them. Why this homage is worse than the "tea tax;" and I am surprised that our literary men do not enter into a combination to resist such encroachments on the freedom of their minds.

"But," replied I, "the scholars in America have no leisure, and, I fear, not learning sufficient for such undertakings; neither is there wealth nor liberality in the community to reward them, should they attempt the task."

"Well, then," said my Uncle, "let them act as in the Revolutionary contest, abstain from such things, till they can manufacture them for themselves. A fine story truly! that when our Statesmen and scholars of '76, found no difficulty in penning the Declaration of Independence, and many other State papers, which will for ever be admired both for soundness of reasoning and elegance of diction, their descendants, who have enjoyed the advantages of forty years peaceful education, should yet be incompetent or unwilling to express their opinion of a British, or even of an American author. I tell you, Diana, such a course of proceeding is calculated to keep us in a state of mental subjection, which I, for one, will not encourage. So, let me hear no more of your Blackwoods, and New Monthlys—when ever you will show me the Prospectus of an American Magazine I shall subscribe with pleasure."

Although far from being satisfied with this answer, I was compelled to wait with what patience I might, till the advertisement for the American Monthly Magazine, casually met my view. My surprise and pleasure was extreme, I flew to my Uncle, who instantly gave his name as a subscriber, at the same time remarking, that "he was glad the American scholars had acquired sufficient confidence to wield their pens."

I will not detain you, Mr. Editor, with the relation of our various surmises on the probable contents of your work, nor the pleasure felt by myself and I think the whole family, when the post boy delivered the welcome packet to my hand. Even Aunt Rebecca, smiled approbation.—I ought perhaps in justice to her, to explain that she had not entered very complacently into the spirit of the "Scottish Novels." She frequently objected to the "strange dialect," and, thought many of the first characters deserving of "Botany Bay," at least. Indeed she sometimes ac-

cused the author of "Waverly" of intending, by a caricature of its professors to ridicule religion itself. Now although the title of "Magazine" sounded very gracious in her orthodox ears, still the pleasure with which Walter and I had anticipated its arrival, made her a little suspicious that it would be, as she termed it, a "mere outlandish book." The "blue" cover immediately silenced every scruple, while the article on the Rev. Edward Irving completely established its reputation, and fully entitled it to the good graces of Aunt Rebecca.

She even thought that she saw some great and glorious purposes to be effected by that rage for *Scotticisms* which has, for some time, been the prevailing epidemic of the fashionable world, quoting that text from "Holy writ."—"The wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain ; she proceeded to observe "that doubtless infinite wisdom had permitted this abuse of talent, in order to display more fully the depth of divine grace, and had, expressly, raised up Mr. Irving to meet these delusive novelties, and combat them with their own weapons." She even anticipated a great reformation among the *great*, and hoped to see sermons and hymns sought for with more eagerness than the "new novel," or elegant poem.

Whether in fact, the popularity of the "Caledonian," arises from associating him with the country of "Rob Roy," or whether his own peculiar excellencies have won him the applause of listening multitudes, we are quite unable to ascertain ; but whether his oratory will finally fulfil the pious predictions of Aunt Rebecca, time, the strict interpreter of all prophecy, will certainly determine. We can only say, such a "consummation" is "devoutly to be wished."

Uncle Dermot was highly gratified with the character of Gen. Jackson ; indeed, should some skilful craniologist carefully examine our skulls, I am persuaded, he would find in most heads, a *capacity* for estimating the deeds of heroes, however much they might fail in the courage necessary for achieving them.

After attentively listening to the review of the writings of Charles B. Brown, my Uncle with considerable emotion, shook the ashes from his pipe, drew forth his memorandum book, and after carefully noting the name, said, while a flush of honest patriotic pride glowed on his cheek and sparkled in his eye, "Thomas, remember to send orders to my bookseller to-morrow for a complete edition of Mr. Brown's works ; no American author shall ever complain for want of my patronage."

In short, we were all satisfied excepting Helen: she expressed some uneasiness that the story of O'Halloran was not concluded,



and impatiently counted the days which must elapse before the next number. The time at length came, and the second was welcomed as cordially as the first. My attention was instantly arrested by the "Harp of the Beech Woods," and secretly did I envy the "sweet poetess of the Susquehanna"

"And why do you not publish some of your poetry then?" said Thomas, watching the expression of my feelings, which were too apparent in my countenance, "you are always scribbling, and have written at least one fairy tale."

"Ah," cried I, in a desponding tone, "I cannot sing like her; I should not be successful. You see, by the remarks on "Good Versification," how much is "essential to good poetry."

"But you can write something," said my Uncle, "if it is only to tell the editor how highly we value his publication."

"And so I shall," replied I, "and should he condescend to print it, why"—"Omit the *consequences*, cousin Diana," said Walter, laughing and insignificantly pointing to the Magazine, "till the next number."

CORNELIA.

P. S. Perhaps it may not be amiss to state that the horrors of the "Piracy," in the last number of the Magazine, completely reconciled Aunt Rebecca to the heretic hue of the cover.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE WOODLANDS.

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A TALE.....BY A RECLUSE.

AMID the desolations of winter, while looking upward to the cold and stormy sky, or abroad on the naked forest and devastated plain, when the mellow warmth and moonlight glory of the Heavens have departed, and the living green of the woodland, and the sweet flowers of the plain, have all faded away, then, the recollected visions of past spring-times are most full of joy, and the heart revels in the unvanishing memory of the past, and swells with rapture in the anticipation of the future.

I speak not here of those who are pent up in cities, who know the changing seasons only by the musty calendar, or the varying thermometer—but of those who breathe the mountain, and the valley air; who climb the dizzy summits piled up by the giant arms of nature, towards the stars, or tread the mossy banks of mighty rivers, and read the name of each successive season, imprinted on the scenery around them. To these, the remembrance of the glad month of flowers comes with an enchain-

spell; and as the mind wanders from that which has gone by, to that which is to come, a thousand recollections crowd in—and forgetful of the howling tempest that raves and whines without, it at last returns, on the wings of fancy, to some bright summer scene, and revels there, amid all the imagery of younger and happier times, until reflection dispels the illusion, and the blank reality is only left behind.

My mind was early tinctured with a love of the romantic, which the wild and broken scenery, along the banks of the noble Susquehanna, far in the interior of Pennsylvania, was so well calculated to inspire. In my earliest infancy I inhaled the dews that fell from clouds, broken on the mountain tops, into the deep valley, and listened to the roar of the river as it foamed among its bedded rocks, and plunged over its long cataracts, and wound around its iron bound shores, and it was with emotions of painful regret that I left the habitation of my childhood, to spend a year in New York, in 17—. The tone of feeling and sentiment, however, which had now become identified with my being, and the half joyous, half melancholy delight with which fancy still lingered round my native home, led me to form associations with spirits of congenial feelings in the gay island city.

It was late in May when I reached that place; and some time after, I became acquainted with a gentleman whose mind, partaking originally of the same sentiments as my own, had been in early life mellowed and refined by the influence of the softer passions. He had loved—but love had left him a monument of its destructive power; and the pale tokens of departed health that faintly lingered on his cheek, reminded me of the last tinge upon the leaves of the rose in the hour of sunset, when the withering hand of decay has been upon them. Yet the fire of unconsumed genius, still kindled brightly in his eye, and when the soul shook off the calm and settled thoughtfulness of melancholy in which it dwelt, and came out from among the gloomy images of grief, where it seemed to delight in hovering over the wreck of hopes once fair, but now gone for ever, he knew how to cheer the tedious hours, and even scatter gayety around him.

I remember well, that my acquaintance with Henry Mar, commenced in one of the first moonlight evenings in June. Those evenings, the most delicious of the whole year, we spent together, frequently, in solitary walks on the banks of the East River. The interest I felt, and often expressed, in the welfare and happiness of this amiable young man, for he was not yet thirty, seemed to have gained his heart. The history of his sorrows had long been locked up in his bosom; and he brooded over it the more because few knew it but himself. I long strove



to soothe his wounded spirit, for I saw, I felt, that it was deeply wounded; but he smiled affectionately at my attempt, and changed the subject from himself, to others. At length, in the morning of a fine summer day, we set out to make a long projected visit to a friend of his, who owned a neat little cottage on the banks of the Bronx, about sixteen miles from the city; and having spent a delightful day, we mounted our horses to return in the cool of the evening.

We had ridden a mile or two when he expressed a wish to take a road which intersected that to Haerlem, and putting spurs to our horses we soon found ourselves winding through a cool and delightful wood, on the shores of a wide and ample bay. From the moment he caught sight of this splendid and delicious scene, Henry became silent, and hastened on with breathless speed, turning his eyes constantly with a wild and anxious air towards the blue expanse of water, as if eager to penetrate the mist of the coming night which now hung over it, and catch a glance of some object that lay beyond it. Nor was it long before the wished for object appeared to present itself; and, wheeling his horse over a small brook, he mounted a green bluff, between the road and the bay, was off his saddle in a moment, and hastily tying the beast to a small bush, he sat down on the grass. Unable to account for his singular conduct, I followed his example, dismounted and took my seat by his side. In a moment his reverie went off, and taking my hand into his, which was moist and trembling, he spoke—"Ah my friend," said he, "you little know how closely the scene before us is connected with my feelings—I should not have brought you here to witness my weakness, but you have a soul susceptible of feeling for the wretchedness of one whose crushed heart still bleeds at the sight of these out-spread waters and yon distant Woodlands."

I turned involuntarily towards the East. The waves lay calm and quiet beneath the falling shades—and the white canvas of several packets bound up the Sound, scarcely caught sufficient air to bend them to their course. A faint tinge of light began to spread itself along the Eastern horizon, the promise of a coming moon; and the tops of the forests on the Long Island shore became faintly visible. We were sitting on the banks immediately opposite the Bay of Flushing—and romantic as the scene at this hour, appeared, and well as I knew my friend's predilection for the wild and solitary retreats of nature, still, even after the passionate exclamation I had heard him make, I could not but think this a strange adventure. But he spoke—and I listened with almost breathless interest to the history of a broken heart.

“The narrative of events,” said he, “which live upon my brow, but which have never yet been trusted on my tongue, should have been buried with me in the grave, but for the debt of gratitude I have incurred since our acquaintance. I cannot pay a debt like this with gold—the object of the world’s base traffic; and you have no sorrows like mine to be compassionated, but, since you have been kind and tender, bearing towards me the affectionate spirit of brotherhood, I can, I will convince you, that amid all my apparent weakness, mine was no timid spirit—I bent not at the breath of a zephyr. That thus when I leave you, you will shed a tear over my memory—and think your friendship—your love—was not misplaced.

“Left independent early in life, and under circumstances which subjected me to little controul, I mixed much with the gay and fashionable world, and enjoyed that fluctuating, feverish happiness which attends, most generally, an unembarrassed, fashionable life. One evening at a large and splendid party, I was introduced to Caroline Le Fort, the only child, I understood, of a highly respectable English gentleman, who had emigrated to Long Island, and settled in the neighbourhood of Flushing, a few months before. She was young—but about sixteen, and never had my eyes beheld so ravishing a form. It would be in vain to attempt to describe her. Her voice, her manner, her very look and expression, had in them a most angelic, a heavenly sweetness; and yet her face had nothing of the tame insipidity of infantile or unanimated beauty; her blue eye kindled when she spoke, and on her cheek and brow might be read, each rapid emotion of her mind, as the current of thought rolled on from change to change; delighting with its richness, and astonishing with its fertility. Her figure was delicate—displaying the most perfect symmetry, with all the delicate grace, which painters delight to body forth, and poets love to immortalize. She was too beautiful for such a world. But, oh! the thought was sweet, that stole trembling, as though it were sacrilege, across my bosom, even then, in the first hour of our acquaintance. The thought I say was sweet, that it might be my lot to smoothe the uneven path of life before her; to deck out for her, a little paradise; to watch over her night and day; and make her life pass like an enchanted dream.

“I felt now that the calm and even tranquility of my life was broken up, that all that was to come would be joy’s brightest, most extatic sunshine, or the very darkness of frenzied despair. *I felt it*—reason, reflection, all the powers of the intellect are very weakness to the force of passion, when it takes hold of the soul, and assumes its mighty empire over it. I attempted, I thought of, no resistance to the impression from the



first. Lost in the luxury of this new and indefinable feeling, my eyes scarcely wandered a moment from the object of their idolatry during the whole evening. I was unconcious of every thing else around me, and when her father came to lead her to the carriage, at a late hour, I followed them to the street, and asked for permission to visit his summer residence, at the Woodlands, on Flushing Bay, as a criminal on the edge of the scaffold would ask for a reprieve. It was granted with the utmost cordiality and politeness, and full of the happiest hopes, I took my departure for my lodgings.

“ I lost no time in the morning in paying a visit to the family where Mr. Le Fort, and his lovely daughter had remained during the night, but failed in seeing them—they had set out on their return home early. In the afternoon, however, I rode over to the Woodlands, and was received by the father, and by Caroline with the most flattering attention. I know not that I said any thing at this time, which distinctly indicated the state of my mind, but my manner—my tone of voice—something I said or did—and love will prompt unconscious words or actions, which convey an eloquent and unequivocal meaning—I only know that something I said or did, let out the secret. Mr. Le Fort, it seemed, knew my situation, and he appeared pleased with my fondness for Caroline, while Caroline herself evinced no displeasure. I remained until the day following, and was kindly invited to become a frequent guest, an invitation which you will readily suppose, I by no means neglected to avail myself of. Thus far our acquaintance had been rather general, than particular—it was not to remain so. My visits were constant, my attachment increased every hour. I will not attempt a description of the repeated interviews I had with Caroline; suffice it, once for all, to say that her father consented to my attentions, and she received them with kindness—I flattered myself, with pleasure.

“ Thus things continued more than three months. It was now midsummer, when on a delicious evening, I was sitting with Caroline, on the green bank which descended from the cottage to the bay—my heart was full of happiness, as I held her hand in mine, and listened to her sweet voice, and marked by the full moon's beams that played upon her cheek, that pleasure sparkled in every feature of her intelligent countenance. She was speaking of the loves of romance. It was then I first asked her if she ever loved. Her cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled a moment; but a sigh—a pause—and a calm and thoughtful paleness succeeded. “ Love,” said she, “ has not always been happiness to me, I have found it like the skies in April—much shade with but a few hours sunshine.” Her hand trembled slightly

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as she spoke, and just at that moment a white sail swept close in with the shore, and almost at the instant we discovered it, the notes of a wild and plaintive air, came from a flute in that direction. Caroline started, and the colour went and came on her cheek, as she bent forward with earnestness to hear. It ceased in a few moments—the sail vanished away in the clear moonlight over the sleeping waters, leaving upon the heart a sensation like that we feel in the dream of a summer night, when music, and delight, and melancholy, are blended together, and we awake smiling and bathed in tears. Mr. Le Fort came out upon hearing the music, and remained until Caroline retired. She did not rise next morning as early as usual, and, as I was engaged in the city, I had only an opportunity to press her hand and take an affectionate leave.

“Towards evening I was walking along the docks on the East River, alone, when I was suddenly accosted by a stranger, dressed in a genteel garb, but whose countenance I knew I had never beheld before, because, when once beheld, it was not soon forgotten. He was rather above the middling size, with a high forehead, bold and weather-beaten face, coal black hair, and eyes that flashed fire when he spoke. He addressed me in the most polished language, apologized for the uncereemonious manner in which he introduced himself, and declaring he had some communications of high importance to make, invited me to accompany him to an inn, about half a square distant. I consented, though, coming from a perfect stranger, the request had something mysterious about it. We reached the Inn, however, and I was invited into a private apartment, and seated at a table, on which were placed wine and segars, and a candle; the stranger taking his seat opposite, a segar and a glass were despatched, and the matter for which I came remained unbroached—now, however, a servant entered with a large, white, covered sauce dish, which was set between us on the table. The servant retired, and the stranger bowing respectfully, began:”

“Sir, you are doubtless, suspicious of the nature of the business we are met to transact; to a man of courage and spirit, as I take you to be, all ceremony is unnecessary. You and I, sir, have crossed each other’s path, in what manner—when or where, is of no consequence—my name and character are of still less concern—one of us must die. This will tell the rest, take your choice.” And he lifted the lid of the dish, uncovering a pair of pistols.

“Little, as, upon conscientious principles, I was averse to duelling, at this time I felt not the slightest inclination to peril my life in a controversy about I knew not what; with I knew not whom; and in a manner, and place, withall, which afforded



small chance of escaping a bullet, and even less of escaping the arm of the law. I therefore, returned my compliments to my polite entertainer, and taking up *both* the pistols, I examined them—found them primed and well loaded—and instead of returning one, as he expected, I bid him keep his seat if he wished to save his head, and deliberately walked out of the room, with one in each hand. The stranger's brow, when he found himself disappointed and unexpectedly out-generalled, put on a most ferocious frown, and then a scornful smile curled on his lip, as he exclaimed "*Well I shall reach you yet.*"—Warned by this language, I kept on my guard—and on my arrival at home, mentioned the circumstance. A warrant was advised—it was procured—but the stranger had vanished—he was entirely unknown—and the pistols had been furnished by a servant from a neighbouring Inn, who had been prevailed upon by bribery to act the part he did. Thus matters rested—and in a short time I almost forgot the circumstance.

"I was at this time making preparations for spending the month of August at the Woodlands with Mr. Le Fort and the enchanting Caroline. The old Gentleman delighted in the amusements of fishing and hunting, of which I was particularly fond—the game in the neighbourhood of Flushing, and along the shore was fine, and I anticipated a great deal of pleasure in the long visit, from these sources; but more than all from the opportunities it would afford of enjoying much of the society of my beloved Caroline, with whom, now, every dream of future happiness, and every plan of future life, was closely, intimately, inseparably, blended. The day at length came; I set out, but meeting with some detention on the road, it was dark before I reached the Woodland Cottage. I found Mr. Le Fort alone, and was informed by him that Caroline had taken a walk upon the banks, from which she had not returned. I resolved to surprise her in the ramble, and taking my hat and cane, proceeded down the path which led to a beautiful grove on the border of the waters below the hill, in which I knew she had a favourite walk, where she often enjoyed herself in the cool of the evening. The moon had now risen, but the high bank, crested as it was with lofty trees, threw a deep and impenetrable shade over the scenery below. I walked slowly and silently down the pathway to the shore, and stood and listened, leaning against the massy trunk of an aged tree, to catch some sound which might lead me to the object of my search. A slight breeze from the South East rustled in the tree tops, and the waves, rippling along the sand, drowned every other noise in one deep and melancholy murmur; but the moon rising gradually higher, began

to illumine the grove with faint rays of soft and melting light? I gazed intensely down the level lawn, and started.

"An angel form, robed in a snow white garment, leaning upon a dark, tall figure, came slowly towards the spot where I was standing. Faintly as I saw, I could not mistake the person of Caroline, and to astonishment succeeded a thousand rapid conjectures. Did not her father say she had walked out alone? Had she a relative? Would she be thus intimate with a stranger? Had she another lover? These were distracting questions which I could not—dared not, attempt to answer. In a moment, the recollection of my strange interview in the city, flashed across my mind, and the words "*We have crossed each other's path,*" burned on my very heart. But what should I now do? Here was another perplexing question. Utterly unable to resolve, I kept my position—the trunk of the tree hid me effectually from view, and I bent my ear to the low whisper in which they were conversing, though my conscience accused me of treachery the while. They approached to the cottage path, but ten or fifteen paces distant—but still I could only distinguish now and then a solitary word. I strained to hear; I trembled with very anxiety; a hundred times I cursed the winds and the waters that broke the sounds I so earnestly strove to collect. It was all in vain; they parted—the single exclamation "Farewell, we shall meet again at the appointed time, farewell," was all I distinctly heard. Caroline ascended the hill a short distance, and paused, while her unknown visiter disappeared among the shades of the trees, and in a few moments I saw a white sail skimming along the bay and shaping its rapid course towards the Sound; while by the moon light, I dimly discovered at its helm, the vision I thought I could not mistake, of him whom I now was forced to regard as my mortal foe.

"My eyes had fastened on that little skiff so earnestly, that when I turned, Caroline was no more standing on the hill side; and slowly, and meditatively I retraced my steps to the cottage. I found her upon the back piazza, and she extended her hand to welcome me, with a sweet smile upon her lips, and enquired in an affectionate tone of voice after my health. My feelings struggled violently for the mastery—but I conquered them sufficiently to avoid exposing myself—and made such remarks as were calculated to free her from all suspicion of my having been a witness of the scene which had just passed. Indeed I strove to assume, if possible, even more than my usual tenderness of manner—and never before had my fondness met a return more warm and unequivocal than it now did. Had I lost an eye or a limb I could have forgotten the loss at such a time and under such circumstances. But the challenge, the myste-



rious rival, the secret asignation—these kindled up a fire in my bosom which was unquenchable. I became absent and melancholy the moment I was off my guard, and this, before the evening was spent, was observed by Caroline. She insisted I was not well, and when I at length acknowledged a slight indisposition, all the hidden feelings of her heart seemed roused up—she hung over my brow, pallid as it now was by the sickness of my heart, with a look of indescribable tenderness; and all that her tongue had hitherto refused to utter came now to her eyes. How could I be mistaken—could this be aught than love?—could love be treacherous? I could neither reason, nor reply—my heart swelled in my throat when I thought perhaps I was wronging the innocent idol of my soul, and sensible that I could not long conceal the struggles within me, I accepted the proposition to retire.

“The chamber allotted for my rest was on the first floor—it contained one window that looked towards the bay—I closed it up—threw myself on the bed and lay some time. But sleep had departed; and, when I felt more calm, I arose, dressed myself in my morning gown, and slippers, and taking up a volume of the Spanish Chiefs, which lay upon the table, I sat down to read. The tale was of treachery, and treason, and mid-night murder—of disappointed love, and perilous adventures. But it seemed to mingle with the gloom of my mind, and I read until I almost fancied myself bearing a part in each desperate dilemma. At last a violent head-ache attacked me—the room was heated—and I extinguished the light—threw open the window, and retired to bed. A feverish and sickly slumber fell upon me—and a thousand fearful things flitted across my dreaming fancy. Once I thought myself on board that flying bark, and he who guided the helm, as she flew over stormy waves, resembled my beloved Caroline in beauty and in gentleness. On a sudden his visage changed—he wore the scowling brow of my unknown but avowed enemy. He put on a savage and triumphant smile, and exclaimed “*I told you I would reach you yet,*” as he raised his hand, in which glittered a keen dagger, and plunged it in my breast. I gasped and cried for help—but the waves only yelled around me. My blood I thought flowed like a deluge—the waves became red, and the boat sunk beneath me. Still I awoke not. A momentary torpor followed, and I deemed that Caroline had wedded a ghastly but potent chieftain—that I had parted with her forever, and that I was banished to a dreary wild where the ghastly forms of unsocial men roved about me in silent gloom. Then I thought her companion was the monarch of some other world, and that I saw him carry her on a bright cloud away from my sight. She looked happy; and

as I stretched my arms towards her I awoke, and recollected where I was.

I slumbered once more and dreamed of the cottage;—my mysterious enemy was present again—again I saw his white sail cut the waves and flap upon the shore. I thought he sprang through the window into my chamber—there was a momentary breathless pause; and while I listened for the words "*I told you I would reach you yet,*" a distant scream pierced my very soul. I involuntarily cried Caroline is murdered! It awoke me. The room was in utter darkness—I remembered it had been moonlight, and that the moon had shone brightly in before. I was violently agitated, my dream pressed upon me with a horrible force. I thought I heard a faint breathing in the room, and now, I fancied the assassin at my bed side, and shrunk from the expected stroke of an uplifted weapon. My natural courage was prostrated, I tried to pray, but dread paralyzed every effort—my heart beat strong and violently, and at last I imagined I felt a hand pressed carefully on my pillow to ascertain the position of my head, and that a face was leaning close over mine; it was, I thought, a measure to determine where my throat was, by feeling my breath. I held my breath, and strained my eye balls almost out, in endeavouring to see it. In another moment I was sure I felt the keen edge of a razor drawn across my neck.

Until now, the power of motion had forsaken me. In the horror of the moment it returned, I uttered a piercing shriek, and endeavoured to grasp the hand. It seemed withdrawn, but I leaped from my bed; and recollecting that I had left a pocket knife I had been using, on the table, I grasped it, and rushed towards the door. My arm was arrested—I turned, instant as thought, and plunged my knife into some one. A scream and fall succeeded; the question flashed like lightning upon me—*Who have I murdered?* I paused, a light came hastily along the entry. Mr. Le Fort entered. I turned—the angelic form of Caroline lay weltering in blood upon the floor! I saw that her lovely hands were clasped closely on her bosom, and that she was pale and gasping in convulsions. I recollected nothing more, but a fierce rushing of blood to my heart, a cold shudder, and deathly sickness.

When I came to myself several persons were weeping by my side. Still I thought it was all a troubled dream. I asked for Caroline—they all shook their heads, and their tears flowed afresh. I know not, I never inquired, how long I was bereft of reason. I faintly remember that Caroline's corpse was shown me, and that I wept over it—kissed it—and was torn from it. When I came entirely to myself, I was in New York, whither



my friends had brought me ; and Mr. Le Fort came to see me, a poor broken hearted man. The sight of him affected me so much, that the physicians would not allow me to see him again. But I learned that he had a son whom he had discarded for gross crimes, and with whom he had refused all reconciliation ; and that it was he whose devoted attachment to his sister had led him to follow the family to America, although he was forbidden the house. It was he whom I had seen with Caroline, on the bay shore, in the evening of the fatal night. I met the man too, who had challenged me to fight, about a year afterwards, and learned that in that affair, I had been mistaken by him for a person with whom he had quarrelled at a gaming house. Mr. Le Fort, after this melancholy event, became reconciled to his son, and they returned to England. This is my history."

Henry finished. The narrative had evidently cost him much pain. He wept then, and afterwards when he saw me, he would frequently burst into tears, from the recollection that I knew his history. He died in the following Autumn, from the effects of grief, having survived the unfortunate Caroline but a few years. I never enquired of him, for obvious reasons, into any of the more minute particulars of the disastrous event. But I learned from one who was acquainted with the circumstances, that Caroline was supposed to have remained in the room adjoining that in which Henry slept, prompted by the anxiety and tender solicitude she felt for him in consequence of his apparent illness ; and that she had rushed into his room, the moment she heard him cry out. She never spoke or was sensible after she received the wound.

It was evident from the circumstances of the case, that Henry's imagination was the sole cause of the sad deed ; there was no wound upon his neck, and no one could have entered or escaped by the window.

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## ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE,

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### INTRODUCTION.

A GENERAL and connected view of the Ancient Monuments of this country has never been attempted, although it is very much

wanted, in order to illustrate the Ancient History of our Continent.

It is my wish to supply this desirable enumeration, so far as my personal observation and long continued researches have enabled me, to ascertain the sites, number, shapes, and sizes of the Monuments scattered from Canada to Mexico. The actual number known to me already amounts to nearly 1850 Monuments, distributed in upwards of 540 sites. This number is exclusive of little mounds and graves, which amount to 2 or 3000 besides. And yet I feel no hesitation in asserting that 3000 real Monuments must still exist in North America, of ancient origin, scattered in above 1000 sites of ancient towns or seats of former population, since in the single state of Kentucky hardly 100 Monuments and 25 sites have been mentioned by travellers or historians, while I am now acquainted with at least 505 such Monuments, in 148 sites (in this state) many of which have been discovered and surveyed by myself.

Many unnoticed Monuments are occasionally discovered in the Western States, and each year increases that number; among which I shall merely mention as a striking example, the beautiful pyramidal Tevcali, 150 feet high, discovered in Tennessee in 1822.

It is not my intention at present to enter into an historical disquisition upon the builders of those Monuments; this must be reserved for a separate Dissertation. I now merely wish to offer to our historians a concise collective survey of all our known Monuments, as a guide in future researches, rather than an elaborate treatise.

It may however be proper to state that the results of all my enquiries on this subject, (combined with my philological researches,) have led me to ascertain that our Monuments indicate three distinct races of men, as having successively inhabited the Continent, and most of them can be traced by their relative antiquity and forms, to those three successive races, from which have gradually sprung all the aboriginal American nations and tribes, to the amount of 2000 at least.

For the sake of distinction I shall call the first race *Eastern* or *Atlantic*, because it reached America easterly and by the Atlantic Ocean. It was the most ancient that peopled America, and has spread from the Lakes to Patagonia. It began to people this continent soon after the Asiatic dispersion of mankind, and was principally derived from the oldest nations of North Africa, and Western Europe, such as the Pelasgians, Atlantes, Warbars, Darans, Cutilas, Cantabrians, Cetts, &c. The most conspicuous nations derived from these in North America, were the



Hayatians, Tlapalans, Apalachians, Chiapans, Talegans, &c. Their Monuments may be known by their remote antiquity, circular or elliptical shapes, Avenues, Dromes, earthen materials, &c.

The second race, I call Iztakan, from its first parent, or Mexican, from the best known nation. It came to America at a later period, from Asia through the Pacific Ocean, after having been separated at a very early period from the Caucajian and Himalayan nations, spreading from California to Florida and Peru, partly mingling with the previous race, and dividing into many nations; such as the Natchez, Olmacas, Totticas, Chiccas, Teguas, Otomies, Osages, Mexicans, &c., in North America. Their Monuments are distinguished by their antiquity, pyrimidal shape, regularity, elevation, materials often stones, Tevcallis or platforms, &c.

The third race is the Northern or Oguzian, which came the last from Siberia, through Berhing strait, deriving from the Tonguzians, Vogulians, Ostiaks, Koriaks, &c., of Asia, invading the former races, spreading from Oregon to Labrador and Guyana, forming the Lenapian, Mengwee, Eduan, &c., nations. The Chipeways, Shawannees, Ottawas, Miamis, Multnomahs, &c., are branches of the Lenapian nation. Their Monuments are easily known by their relative modern appearance, rude structure, irregularity, recent graves, signs of dwellings, &c.

Several other nations of the Eastern continent, such as the Scandinavians, Hindoux, Malays, Japanese, Chinese, Samoyeds, &c., have reached America and left colonies in it; but they have mostly mingled since with the above races, except perhaps the Karalit or Esquimaux of Polar America, extending from Alaska to Greenland, and none of our Monuments can be properly ascribed to their posterity.

This hasty sketch of the earliest American population will be sufficient to furnish an historical reference. I shall now proceed to the geographical enumeration of our Ancient Monuments, beginning with those of Kentucky, their central focus, and adopting the alphabetical order for the other States. I shall also adopt this order for the Counties of Kentucky, as an easy mode of reference.

#### CHAPTER I.

### MONUMENTS OF KENTUCKY.

1. ADAIR COUNTY. 1 Site. On the long bottom of Cumberland River, three mounds, or circular platforms, with level summits; the largest is 15 feet high, base 400 feet in circumfer-

ence, summit 300 feet in circuit: the others 10 and 12 feet high, 300 and 350 feet in circuit at the base. Not surveyed yet, 1 Site, 3 Monuments.

2. BATH COUNTY. 1 Site. Near the town of Bloomfield, between Mount Sterling and the upper blue-licks, on Licking River, a large square inclosure, with earthen walls, gateways, and two mounds in the neighbourhood. Not surveyed, 1 Site 3 Monuments.

BOONE COUNTY. 1st Site. On the Ohio River, in the bottom near Bellevue, a large square town or inclosure, with three gateways, earthen walls, or parapet, total size about 3000 feet around: surveyed by Mr. S.....

2d Site. On the top of a high hill, north of Bigbone Creek, and overlooking Bigbone Lick, an elliptical Tevcalli or platform, 10 feet high, length 150 feet from East to West, 430 feet around at the base, level summit 100 feet long. The centre is now hollow, having been dug. This is the mound mentioned by Jefferson, from which the Lenapian Indians said that the Great Spirit, threw a thunderbolt at the last Mammoth, whose bones were found in the mud of the lick. Surveyed and drawn by myself.

3d Site. Between Burlington and North bend, a round Tevcalli, 10 feet high, 420 feet in circumference at the base. Surveyed by me.

4th Site. Several Tevcallis and mounds near the Ohio, not surveyed yet. Total 4 Sites, 8 Monuments.

4. BOURBON COUNTY. 1st Site. On Stoner's Creek, east side, opposite the mouth of Flat-run, the remains of a town on a fine bottom: it is an irregular Decogone, or a polygone of 10 unequal sides, and 4675 feet, formed by a small parapet, extending over seven sides, three being formed by the bank of the creek, easterly, where there is a hollow descent or gateway, another gateway is south towards the creek also, which forms a bend here. The remains of 22 houses are within the wall, scattered irregularly near it and the creek, while 14 houses are outside the wall or parapet, northerly; these houses are traced by the raised earth where the wall stood: they are mostly oblong square, some are quite square, they are of all sizes from 25 to 80 feet long, the largest is a double house 115 feet long and 75 broad: this town incloses besides two wells, 7 mounds, the largest of which is 8 feet high, and 350 round, and a fine central hollow elliptical amphitheatre, 15 feet deep, 180 long, from North to South, and 75 wide. Surveyed and drawn by myself.

(To be Continued.)



FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PODAGRÆ LEVAMEN;

OR

EXTRACTS FROM A BACHELOR'S CHRONICLE.

Varium et mutabile semper.—*Virgil.*

MY GRANDMOTHER.....A PICTURE.

Men of my age are apt to be indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days.  
*Historia Histrionica*, James Wright of *Middle Temple*, London. 1698.

Of all the places where I have ben,  
Of all the women that I have sene,  
I never saw, nor knewe in my consciens,  
Any woman ifsa excellent a carriage,  
As this good old gentlewoman.

*Old Play*—The Four P's.—London, 1533.

THE other day, I was looking over my itinerary, when my eye rested upon a chapter headed "MY GRANDMOTHER." As I internally iterated "my Grandmother," a tear started from a fountain which I thought had been long since dried up, trickled down my cheek, and fell, and blistered the opened page; it was a tribute to departed excellence. For a time I was absorbed in a reverie of melancholy reflections. She, whose virtues I had ventured to enumerate, and had dwelt upon with so much fondness, was now no more, and I remained, helpless, old and miserable. Finding myself becoming a prey to hateful megrims, I took up my pen and transcribed from my chronicle, the following portrait of one, with whom I had passed the greater part of my life. It was written nearly forty years ago. The gay, thoughtless, giddy, and fashionable may smile, nay, ridicule such a sketch of old fashioned virtues; but the more sensible and sedate part of the sex, will sigh as they contrast the excellencies of my Grandmother, with the vanities (and may I not say too vices) of the females of the present day. Forgive me, ye fairest of God's creation, if I seemingly speak cynically—I am an old bachelor—one of that rejected race of men, and I am over fond of antiquated virtues, notions, and things; and the way the world moves now-a-days pleases me not.

My Grandmother usually sat in a small room, about fifteen feet square, that received the rays of light through two opposite windows, the one looking into a narrow passage denominated the "little yard," the other into a small garden, in the cultivation of which my Grandmother particularly interested her-

self. In one corner of the room, stood a high triangular and very dark (nearly black) mahogany piece of furniture, a stout relic of antiquity called a *beaufet*, which had accompanied our ancestors through every vicissitude, maintaining (to use a figure) at each removal an erect and very formidable appearance, like some old sailor, whose locks are covered with the snow of age, but who still bears up bravely against the violence of the elements, to whose worst fury he has been inured. The upper part of this *unique*, was constructed with a glass door, (a pardonable piece of vanity, perhaps, in my progenitors intended doubtless for the purpose of exhibiting the contents within,) and which now displayed to view silver tankards, jugs, tea-urns, bowls, &c. &c.; besides, antiquated china tea pots, of tasty red and blue colors; to say nothing of the motley plates and dishes which lined the sides, *some* whole but the greater part brass wired and puttied, there ranged to be "wisely kept for show." Betwixt the two windows, was the fire place, not built with fine marble columns, and mantels, as in the present day, but with beautiful square pink, blue, and white dutch tiles, representing men angling; Medeas tearing to pieces Absyrtus'; Dutch milk women skating with pails on their heads; small waisted, hooped gowned high heeled ladies, and gentlemen with embroidered coats and periwig pates taking tea together; Bellerophons upon Pegasus', flying to heaven. But what always attracted my attention, was a tile representing a gloomy castle. For hours would I set before it, on my little carpeted stool, when a child, and fancy it the terrific abode of some cruel, invidious giant, and the prison of a paragon of beauty whom he had inveigled from her parents--like what I had read of in shilling toy books; so well do I remember how pleasurable were these wild imagings.

On either side of the fire-place was a closet, the one used as my Grandmother's library or book-case, the other for all the purposes of a modern side-board. Wines, cakes, and every kind of fruit in season were there, and any person that entered the house was permitted to help himself to what best suited his taste without regard to formality. Hence my Grandmother's mansion, went under the truly appropriate title of HOSPITALITY HALL, and one of her grand-children, a mischievous little youngster, one day wrote upon this closet the following doggrel lines.

"Here in this closet you will daily find,  
Liquors, and sweeten'd cakes of every kind;  
So reader, if you should e'er hungry be,  
Just stop in and see my dear Grandmamie."

When the young rogue was asked by my Grandmother, what he meant by the lines, the little fellow replied, "Why dear



Grandma, because I believe that many of the great number of people that visit you every day, do it more from what they can get than any pleasure they receive in seeing you." She reproved him, but the child left the room shaking his curly head as he said, "I guess they do though, Grandma." Two cushioned arm, and a number of rush-bottomed chairs; with a large mahogany framed looking-glass, a large and a small table will comprize the furniture of the room—If the reader will imagine such a room as I have described, he or she will have my Grandmother's parlour exactly.

It is now 12 o'clock, my Grandmother is sitting beside the fire *nit*ting. Her dress is deep black and her head surmounted by a plain and neatly crimped cap, from underneath which, a lock of dark chesnut coloured hair is seen to escape. She is now in her eightieth year, but her countenance yet retains traces of beauty, which must once have been transcendent, since, although she has seen so many years, the plough of age has made but few if any furrows on her visage—indeed her whole aspect is one which plainly indicates that turbulent passions were unknown to her virtues. Her mind is literally as pure as the infant's when it first lisps the endearing names of "father," "mother." Such ingenuousness and simple heartedness of expression I never heard made use of by any other person. Still her knowledge is extensive and her conversation very delightful. She calls forth my astonishment by the originality of her ideas, and charms with her unpretending manner of speaking. She uses no duplicity, she speaks as she thinks without disguise. Her friends seek her out in their afflictions to unburthen to her their distresses, and the poor for protection—she counsels them and they abide by her advice. She lives in friendship with all the world and believes all the world in friendship with her. I dare say there never lived a person more generally beloved; *slander* she knows not, *charity* to all she practises. With like urbanity and hospitality she treats the wealthy and the pauper. Hence the blighting breath of invidious calumny has never assailed her. None speak ill of her—they could not, she never opens herself to censure. While her character protects her from the nefarious designs of the consummate villain, there are not wanting those, who taking advantage of her unsuspecting disposition, practice upon her good nature, and insult her generosity under the specious semblance of—Friendship.

An incident occurred when I was a little fellow, which made such an impression on my mind that I have not forgotten it to this day. It exhibits my Grandmother so near to what she was, that I cannot describe her better than by relating it.

I was sitting one day before the fire, on my little stool gazing on the coloured tiles, and delighting myself with the smiling visions of childhood, when she said to me: (I wish I could describe the sweet expressions of her countenance when she spoke) "My dear I have a curiosity for you. Among the apples that were bought to day for the use of the house, was one of so singular a colour and form that I put it in my *library closet* to preserve it for you." With that she rose from her arm chair and laying down her nitting, opened the closet door to get the fruit, when turning round to me she said while a smile radiated her countenance. "The mice have been before you, see, (holding up the shell of an apple,) but I cannot blame them, for the demands of nature must be satisfied. The little animals require food as well as we. They shall not be harmed; here my child, take this away (giving me the skin of the apple) and bring me two or three apples from the other closet." I did as I was commanded. She put the apples, where she had before placed the eaten one, saying; "Poor things, I will not trouble you; enough you shall have to eat, but do not injure my books. I cannot discover (continued my Grandmother as she closed the closet door and resumed her seat and nitting) for what mice were intended." Probably her pious soul reproved her for what she had uttered, for she immediately added, "I am wrong, very wrong in saying so; the Great Creator never formed any thing but for some wise purpose." She ceased nitting, and sank into a reverie, doubtless ruminating upon the aberrance she had committed. "Grandma," said I involuntary, after I had been gazing on her countenance for some time "did you ever sin?" "Sin, my boy!" returned she, "we all sin, my boy, either in word, thought, or deed, each hour." "Oh yes, I understand you, dear Grandma, but I mean I—— what was the *greatest* sin you ever committed, I would say." "I will tell you, my lamb, for it *was* a great sin." "You, my dear Grandma, commit a great sin!" cried I, astonished, springing off my stool and pressing up against the side of her arm chair. "Listen, then my child, and you shall hear." Here my Grandmother commenced the following recital:—I wish I could give it to the reader, in the same simplicity of style as I heard it; but as I cannot, I will in words as near to her's as I can recollect. "My parents, my dear boy, as I have often told you, early impressed upon my mind the duty of obedience, and the great crime of—*lying*. Often would they say to me, Mary, never stoop to such a degrading littleness. Fear not to speak the truth. When openness and sincerity are banished from the breast, and we fear not to make use of a falsehood to conceal any fault we may have committed, believe us when we tell you, it will not be long before we have few, if any scru-



ples whatever, in committing the worst of crimes.—Such words as these did I constantly hear. Never, as long as the Almighty continues to me the blessing of memory, shall I forget my first deviation from the path of rectitude. It was on a clear frosty winter evening, that my mother bade my sister, and myself go into the yard, and bring in some article that had been unintentionally left there ; at the same time bidding us take care not to step on a sheet of ice before the door, least we should fall and be injured. I *charge* you concluded she as we left the room, not to venture on it—if you do I shall be angry, exceedingly angry. We promised to obey *strictly* her commands, and went into the yard.

“The crescent moon, and the twinkling stars shone clear and bright, and distinctly showed to our view a lubric piece of ice. “Mary,” said my sister, “let us take a *slide*.” “I started from her side shocked and amazed at her making such a proposal; but she disregarding my movement, continued: “Come, come, but *one* slide, neither father nor mother will know of it”—“But **HE** who notices the actions of all his creatures will, returned I quickly.” “Pooh, pooh, Mary; come, come, this is babyish—foolish; surely there can be no *harm* in taking a slide!” “Not in the action itself, I know; but then, think of the enormity of the crime of disobeying our parents, and descending to a **LIE**, for we promised our parents not to venture on the ice.” “Now this is nonsense, Mary; come, but one, only *one* slide, sister; only see how beautifully the moon shines upon the ice. In truth, Mary, I can’t resist the temptation; I *will* have *one* slide.” She slid—I know not how it was, but irresistibly to me, I was carried forward; immediately I followed her, and I——*fell*. In falling, my back struck against the stump of a tree, and I received a considerable hurt. I sprang to my feet, though lacerated and bleeding. I minded not the pain of the body, for all within was torture and agony. Never shall I forget what I then internally felt. It was the greatest crime I had ever committed, and I thought myself more culpable than the veriest felon that had ever paid the forfeit of his ill spent life, upon the gallows. There was but one way to alleviate this tumult. I flew to my parents, flung myself at their feet, confessed my crime, and asked, entreated, prayed and cried for forgiveness. They bade me rise, and oh! how sweet did it sound to me when they said: “Mary, you have done right to confess your fault, the stings of your conscience will be a sufficient punishment to you, and we shall not this time take cognizance of your error—we forgive you. Now go to your chamber; but ere you lie down to rest, remember there is **ONE**, the **LORD** over **ALL**, whom you have highly offended, and of whom you must ask forgiveness; good night.” I ran to my chamber, I fell on my

knees, and with clasped hands, extended upwards, I poured forth the fulness of my heart and prayed forgiveness of the Almighty. I was calm when I laid my head on my pillow ; and when I awoke in the morning, I felt I was forgiven by my Creator, and —*I was happy.*”

If, thought I, as my Grandmother concluded, an artist who portrays angelic forms could only *now* behold her placid features he would say that her countenance was more celestial than any thing his fancy had ever conceived. E. R.

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## A REVIEW

### OF

### THE MOUNTAIN MUSE.

*A Poem, by Daniel Bryan, Printed in Harrisonburg, Va. by Davidson and Bourne, 1813.*

Since the commencement of our editorial labours, the chief object of our criticisms has been to convince American writers, that in order to succeed, it is necessary to exercise judgment and taste, as well as imagination and fancy, to adhere to the rules of consistency and good sense, as well as to indulge in deep feeling and ardent enthusiasm. We have held out clearness of thought and purity of language, as the most valuable and most attractive requisites in all kinds of composition ; and with respect to poetical composition, we have endeavoured to show that it cannot even exist without such an arrangement of words and syllables as will produce harmony.

For deficiency in the last particular, we have refused to acknowledge Lord Byron as a good poet; and for the same reason, as well as for his frequent impenetrable cloudiness of both thought and language, we have denied to Percival that character, and yet we have unreservedly expressed our conviction that these are men of extraordinary genius. That we have found the greater portion of their works disagreeable, and some parts of them altogether *unreadable*, does not, therefore, arise from our supposing them to be written without genius, according to the common ac-



ception of the term, but because they are written without judgment and taste, and because, as works of literature, they are frequently destitute of that precision calculated to impress them on the mind, and, as poetical works, almost always devoid of that which is the *true soul* of song, harmony of versification.

To show, however, that strenuous as we are in support of the doctrine that “Good versification is essential to *good* poetry,” we are not of the opinion that it is all that is essential, we have selected for the subject of our present remarks, the well-versified poem, whose title is at the head of this article. In the general structure of its numbers, notwithstanding some hobbling lines, this poem is as harmonious as the most fastidious ear could wish; yet we must pronounce it a bad poem, because it is neither planned with judgment nor executed with taste. It is a long performance, manifesting immense genius, if by genius be meant the faculty of inventing incidents, and delineating nature. In these respects, Mr. Bryan is, at least, equal to either Percival or Byron, while in the tuneful movement of his strains, is much their superior. We do not believe that lines of equal tenderness and melody with the following, ever came from the pen of either of the last named authors.

The lonesome Solitudes had now to him  
 The enlivening charms of sweet society.  
 Benignant Love breathed balmy blessings round :  
 And fair Eliza's Beauty seemed to bloom  
 In every flower and blossom of the Wild;  
 And every tuneful note that sweetly thrill'd  
 From the harmonious Warblers of the Groves,  
 Seemed but the echo of her flowing Voice !

The following passage also affords a good specimen of Mr. Bryan's talent for constructing blank verse.

————— He found his Charmer fair  
 And lovely as before. The deepen'd blush  
 Of cheerful Health and freshest Beauty, ting'd  
 Her smiling cheek—Her lustre-streaming eye  
 With thoughtful tenderness divinely shone;  
 Her graceful symmetry of person seem'd  
 Celestial elegance, by Nature's skill  
 Transfer'd to earthly Beauty. Sweetly soft  
 Her honey-breathing lips their strains effus'd;

Now in convivial converse, now in songs  
 Of tenderest melody. Their interview,  
 On either side, confusion mark'd; but most  
 His agitated mein and downcast eye,  
 Th' unnerving power of timid love betrayed.

The description of the morning at the commencement of the third book, is highly poetical, and like many other detached passages in the poem, prove that the author is not only gifted with a musical ear, but with a lively fancy, to which if he could only add judgment and good taste, we think he would be able to produce a better poem, than any we have yet seen written on this side of the Atlantic. The description to which we allude, is not too long, and is, therefore, free from a fault exceedingly prevalent in other parts of this work, the fault of prolixity. We shall here extract it.

The Queen of morn, in crimson robes array'd,  
 The shadow-woven curtains now withdrew  
 From round her roseate couch, and lifting high  
 Above the Orient God her blushing cheek,  
 Soft, amorous smiles, upon him cast, and woo'd  
 Him from his blazing chamber.

As the quantity of other matter intended for this number, compels us to brevity in our present review, we can afford no more space for eulogy on this poem, if we even thought it deserved more; but we have in reality, we believe, gone over all the topics for which we can afford to praise it. The disagreeable task of censure now becomes our duty; and if we were inclined to severity, and had leisure and space to indulge it, we should here meet with ample materials on which to exercise it. We believe, however, that the author was young when he permitted his Muse to plunge into the absurdities, and commit the extravagancies, that constitute so large a portion of this production, and what tends still more to mollify our critical wrath, is the information we have received that he has long since become conscious of the errors of his youthful and hair-brained Muse, and is now heartily sorry for the presumption with which in her first efforts, she so daringly overleaped the bounds of proper discretion and sound sense. He has, we are told, endeavoured to chasten his taste, and improve his judgment. He no longer



mistakes bombast for sublimity, nor pedantry for elegance, and we dare say, that, if he had this poem to write now, he would not bring the Seraphs of Heaven down to the top of the Allegany Mountain, there to sit in "colloquy sublime," to determine on the best method of persuading James Boone to ramble into the forests of Kentucky, and spy out the land. The greater part of the first book, which consists of between nine and ten hundred lines is occupied with an extravagant account of this Seraphic conclave, or caucus, as is now the popular term. We can scarcely imagine a more perfect instance of the bathos, than representing an enterprise so manifestly of human suggestion, and arising from the impulse of human curiosity, as that of a forest hunter traversing mountains and penetrating into adjoining wilds, to be the result of a grave and formal consultation of celestial spirits, who not only take the trouble of descending from Heaven to earth, but of erecting a most extraordinary fabric, a *Firmamental Hall*, on the top of the Allegany mountain, in which to hold their conference on the subject. Perhaps we could not select from the work a better specimen of the false sublime with which it abounds, than the description of this absurd edifice, and of the materials with which it was composed. Our readers will also find in it a fair proportion of those pedantic and jaw-fracturing words, for which the poetry of Joel Barlow has been celebrated; but against the very sound of which the tuneful Nine have such an inveterate antipathy, that they have vowed never to acknowledge any production that happens to be defiled with any of them, as proceeding from their inspiration, nor to admit its guilty author, unless he repents and makes proper atonement for his crime, into the regions of Parnassus. We wish the passage were shorter, but in order that our readers may thoroughly comprehend its absurdity, long as it is, we must give it entire.

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Meanwhile command  
 Was given th' *etherial Guardians* to prepare,  
 High o'er the Alleganian Mountain-Heights,  
 For the Divan, a *FIRMAMENTAL HALL*.  
 Anon, obedient to the high behest,  
 The mighty Spirit of the welkin deeps  
 Badly convoluted winds, with furious flight

And *curvilinear* sweep, encompass all  
The Atmospheric bounds ; and dash and roll  
To the appointed place of Rendezvous,  
With all their fulminating Magazines,  
Th' encircled Regiments of mingled clouds !  
The gloomy Vast, impetuous howlings pierce ;  
The Northern Gates, tempestuous Whirlwinds burst ;  
And Mountain-caverns wide-expanded, vent  
Their hissing blasts. Against impinging clouds,  
With driving strength, th' encircling Tempests rush  
And from their boundary's wide circumference roll  
*Converging*, the dark billowy-mixing mass.  
From cloud to cloud, in blazing torrents stream  
Th' awaken'd fires electric ; flashing flames  
In forky grandeur with ethereal light,  
Projected peaks of rolling vapour crown ;  
And all the *nubilous involutions* paint  
With intermitting Lightning's vivid tints ;  
While glancing scintillations spangle thick  
With dancing lustre all the clouded gloom ;  
And angry meteors, flaming as they fly,  
With burning paths their ragged way emblaze.  
From ridge to ridge of the big Mountain-Mass,  
Dark sullen thunders by the conflicts wak'd,  
Their sky-convulsing *detonations* pour.  
Their destin'd point, th' embattled volumes reach ;  
And rest. The grand, the wondrous Edifice,  
The great, th' ethereal Architect begins.  
Wide over Allegany's summit spread,  
Of close *impacted*, squarred and polish'd clouds  
Constructed, the extended base appears ;  
And of the same compressed material form'd,  
*Octagonal* the burnish'd walls ascend,  
Sublimely towering through the midway skies !  
Broad sheets of lightning constitute the roof,  
Whose flashing splendors flood with day the Heavens,  
When Night spreads o'er the sun her darkling wings.  
Reflected from the Fabric's upright squares,  
Prismatic tinctures paint the fragment-clouds,  
Which float unused in widening fleeces round.  
Its myriad windows and its thousand gates  
Were all of pure translucent ether wrought,  
And all with bright festoons superbly hung  
Of pansied clouds and wreathed lightnings made.  
Both North and South of the magnific dome,  
In grand Corinthian style and towering state,



On Meteor-Pillars rear'd, refulgent shone  
 Its roomy porticos. Innumerable seats,  
 Of downy clouds composed, and white and soft  
 As Cygnet plumes, in graceful circles ranged;  
 Around the interior of the shining hall,  
 All ready for the Angel host appear'd.  
 A canopy of Rainbows intertwined  
 In spiral union, forming in the whole,  
 A beauteous arch of intermingled hues  
 As rich as Fancy's pencil can portray;  
 And variegated as the tints of light  
 In all their gayly blended forms can be,  
 High o'er each line of dazzling sofas bends.

On reading this magnificent description, this "much ado about nothing," to a female friend who had recently crossed the Allegany Mountain, she was so struck with the sense of the ludicrous it excited, that she observed that "the angels had put themselves to a great deal of unnecessary trouble, considering all they had to accomplish—for she thought that when they condescended to deliberate so solemnly on the sending of James Boone to Kentucky, they might have been content with a decent apartment in Stottler's Tavern, as it would have been sufficiently respectable for the purpose." The fair critic, however, was wrong in assuming the existence of "Stottler's Tavern," at the time this conference was held.

Our readers will now have a tolerable idea of both the beauties and the blemishes that we consider characteristic of this poem. Its subject is the adventures of Colonel Boone in the Western country, a subject in itself sufficiently interesting and susceptible of romantic embellishment, to form the basis of a poetical tale, if constructed with judgment, and narrated with taste. We think it a subject in every respect as well suited for poesy as any of the Scottish Border occurrences, which Scott or Hogg have made the themes of their song. Had our author followed their example, and attempted nothing but what was natural to his subject, we are seriously of opinion that he would have produced as pleasing a poetical romance, as any of theirs. But he committed the fault to which young writers are peculiarly prone, that of overdoing his task. No matter how simple and natural

And *curvilinear* sweep, encompass all  
 The Atmospheric bounds ; and dash and roll  
 To the appointed place of Rendezvous,  
 With all their fulminating Magazines,  
 Th' encircled Regiments of mingled clouds !  
 The gloomy Vast, impetuous howlings pierce ;  
 The Northern Gates, tempestuous Whirlwinds burst ;  
 And Mountain-caverns wide-expanded, vent  
 Their hissing blasts. Against impinging clouds,  
 With driving strength, th' encircling Tempests rush  
 And from their boundary's wide circumference roll  
*Converging*, the dark billowy-mixing mass.  
 From cloud to cloud, in blazing torrents stream  
 Th' awaken'd fires electric ; flashing flames  
 In forked grandeur with ethereal light,  
 Projected peaks of rolling vapour crown ;  
 And all the *nubilous involutions* paint  
 With intermitting Lightning's vivid tints ;  
 While glancing scintillations spangle thick  
 With dancing lustre all the clouded gloom ;  
 And angry meteors, flaming as they fly,  
 With burning paths their ragged way emblaze.  
 From ridge to ridge of the big Mountain-Mass,  
 Dark sullen thunders by the conflicts wak'd,  
 Their sky-convulsing *detonations* pour.  
 Their destin'd point, th' embattled volumes reach ;  
 And rest. The grand, the wondrous Edifice,  
 The great, th' ethereal Architect begins.  
 Wide over Allegany's summit spread,  
 Of close *impacted*, squared and polish'd clouds  
 Constructed, the extended base appears ;  
 And of the same compressed material form'd,  
*Octagonal* the burnish'd walls ascend,  
 Sublimely towering through the midway skies !  
 Broad sheets of lightning constitute the roof,  
 Whose flashing splendors flood with day the Heavens,  
 When Night spreads o'er the sun her darkling wings.  
 Reflected from the Fabric's upright squares,  
 Prismatic tinctures paint the fragment-clouds,  
 Which float unused in widening fleeces round.  
 Its myriad windows and its thousand gates  
 Were all of pure translucent ether wrought,  
 And all with bright festoons superbly hung  
 Of pamsied clouds and wreathed lightnings made.  
 Both North and South of the magnific dome,  
 In grand Corinthian style and towering state,



On Meteor-Pillars rear'd, refulgent shone  
 Its roomy porticos. Innumerable seats,  
 Of downy clouds composed, and white and soft  
 As Cygnet plumes, in graceful circles ranged;  
 Around the interior of the shining hall,  
 All ready for the Angel host appear'd.  
 A canopy of Rainbows intertwined  
 In spiral union, forming in the whole,  
 A beauteous arch of intermingled hues  
 As rich as Fancy's pencil can portray;  
 And variegated as the tints of light  
 In all their gayly blended forms can be,  
 High o'er each line of dazzling sofas bends.

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may be their topic, they imagine that they can never do enough to render it grand and elevated. They are perpetually straining to be sublime, when they should only endeavour to be beautiful. A mistaken opinion of what will produce an effect, is the cause of this. It requires some experience in life to convince them that unnatural elevation and pomp are not so efficient for this purpose, as ease, gracefulness and propriety.

If Mr. Bryan be now aware of this, and still retains the ardent feeling and tuneful taste, with which he wrote some parts of the *Mountain Muse*, we should be glad soon to see another of his productions on our table; for we should, indeed, be much deceived, if with his acquired judgment, and his inherent talents, he did not produce a work as much deserving of praise as the present is of censure.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Annals of the Late War.

Talk in the tongue of things gone by.

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### BATTLE OF BALTIMORE.

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The voice of battle's on the breeze,  
Arouse ye one and all....*War Song. ...Scott.*

—————no time for sorrow,  
To horse, to horse! A day of blood to-morrow!  
One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,  
Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die!.....*HUMAN LIFE.....S. Rogers.*  
Who'll dispute my choice?...*Old Ballad.*

In the Summer of 1806, a female, whose carriage and demeanour were those of a person above the ordinary class of society, with a little curly, flaxen-haired boy of about nine or ten years of age, came to the village of ———, ——— miles from Baltimore, and engaged a small neat habitation. This circumstance was a subject of great wonder, speculation, and conjecture among the villagers. “That she is a lady,” (said they)



“is most certain, and beyond doubt she is from the city: for what then did she come among them?” The poisonous tongue of slander was put in motion, and whispers, innuendos, cruel and vituperating reflections, were circulated about the hamlet. At length, Mistress Charity Bluegarter, a worthy spinster advanced somewhat beyond the prime of life, and one of those harmless creatures ever to be found in a village, (and by the way everywhere else) who are never so happy as when prying and busying themselves about other people’s concerns; suggested the propriety of “*seeing into it*,” as she expressed herself, “not that it was any concern of hers—oh, no: but that she could not but think it just and proper, that the standing, and condition of their new inhabitant should be known. For her part, although she did not like to be *hasty* in drawing *inferences*, she *must* say, that it looked very *suspicious*. If the woman had been *unfortunate*, if she had committed any *indiscretion*, and had been obliged to leave her home, she was possessed of enough of the milk of human kindness, thank Heaven, to pity, but she could not think of countenancing her. Her character was as yet pure and unsullied, and as *youthful artlessness* like hers was never secure from the attacks of calumny, she was determined not to hold any conversation with “the woman” until she knew more respecting her.”

Accordingly Mistress Bluegarter commenced operations, and in time, by various ways and means, assisted by impudence and impertinence, she received the wished for intelligence. Mrs. Montfort (for so I shall call her) had resided in Baltimore; but her husband who held an office under government dying, she was left a widow, with no more for the support of herself and son, than a small patrimony, which being inadequate to the expenses of a city life, she retired to the country, where by rigid economy she hoped to be able to live comparatively comfortable and above dependence. Mrs. Montfort and her son Edmund soon won the esteem of all the villagers except Mistress Charity Bluegarter, who was jealous of the praise lavished upon them: indeed, she went so far as to predict that Edmund, whom she styled “a good-for-nothing wretch,” would some day come to a bad end. The reason of her hatred to him was known to the whole hamlet. Young Montfort, had once stood by and laughed at Mistress Charity, as she fell off a narrow board into a ditch—an unpardonable offence in her eyes. Contiguous to Mrs. Montfort’s residence, lived an old revolutionary soldier, and his daughter, a sweet girl, counting nearly the same number of years as Edmund. Edmund, and Miriam, were not long in becoming acquainted, and soon a strong and unalienable friendship commenced between them. Together they would listen to

the old veteran repeating over and over, the battles and actions he had been engaged in, without being fatigued, with his reiteration. These recitals were particularly gratifying to Edmund. Possessed of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, he was never so delighted as when listening to the old man. If at any time, Miriam felt any restlessness at hearing a "twice told tale," she did not evince it, for the eagerness and attention, with which her Edmund listened to every word that fell from her father's lips would be a check to such feelings. It was a beautiful sight to behold the old soldier sitting in his little porch, leaning on his oaken stick, (which was often substituted for a musket) with his wooden leg stretched out; while on either side of him was his darling child, and his brave boy, as he designated Edmund, listening to his every word, their youthful countenances reflecting the patriotic ardor that flowed from the eyes of the animated old man. Soldiers, (it is an amiable weakness, I cannot call it otherwise,) never tire of repeating their exploits. The old soldier ever found in Edmund an eager and unwearied hearer, and not unfrequently as he recited some of his deeds, he would become so engaged as to imagine himself in the field of slaughter.

Thus passed the life of Edmund, his imagination heated by the relations of the old soldier, and the friendship for Miriam changing to love. With what joy did he hear of the declaration of war between the "United States. and Great Britain!" Now, now said he to the old soldier, "may I witness some of those glorious achievements of which you have told me," he would have proceeded, but for an innate check. "Why am I thus disabled," cried the veteran, striking his wooden leg contemptuously with his stick, and animated by the same spirit which had led him to action forty years before, "why am I not able to draw my sword, and again brandish it over the heads of the enemies of our liberty! But I trust there are enough of brave hearts who have the spirits of their ancestors, and will boldly meet the invaders. But Edmund, your are silent?" "Yes, my dear father, (so he was wont to call the old soldier) but tumultuous thoughts fill my brain. This war will require the aid of every American that is able to wield a sword or bear a musket. Duty, honor, and my country's cause bid me lend a helping hand; but my mother will not consent to part with me." "Despair not, my boy," returned the old soldier, "until you have asked her. Fly instantly to her, she will not refuse; go, go." Edmund *did* go. His thoughts, his hopes, his wishes, the love he bore his country, the assistance she required, he unfolded to his mother, backed with such arguments as his youthful imagination could conjure up. His mother heard him silently, and as she beheld his ac-



tions, and his enthusiasm, a tear trembled in her eye, for she felt that nature would predominate over duty. "My Edmund," said she, "when I lost your father the only consolation I knew in the affliction, was that you were still left me by a gracious providence, and do I in my prayers return thanks to the Almighty for his continued blessing in sparing you to me, and making you as you are. Edmund, (and her voice was almost choked) without you, I should be desolate and comfortless. My own child, you are dear, *very* dear to me; would you leave me, perhaps never to return?" The appeal was too close to his generous soul, his answer was instantaneous. "Never, mother, never!" and he threw himself upon her bosom! "My own, *own* boy, my dearest Edmund!" said his mother pressing him close to her and weeping.

How happy was Miriam when she heard that Edmund would not leave her, that he would remain to sit with her beside her father and hearken to his recitals, that they should still enjoy their evening walks. She felt ineffable delight; not that her country's cause was indifferent to her, but she loved Edmund so dearly, 'twas such delight to have *him* near her, *beside* her; 'twas too so sweet to hear the soft accent of love *he* whispered half afraid into her ear; and then he was so fond and attentive to her father. In August, 1814, Mrs. Montfort was taken ill, and about four weeks afterwards expired. Edmund's feelings at the loss of the dear protector of his innocence are beyond description.

The night anterior to the day intended for the interment of Mrs. Montfort, the old soldier, Miriam, and a few friends of the deceased, together with Edmund, were sitting in the small room where Mrs. Montfort was layed out. As the steady, dim blaze of the candles placed round the corse, shed their sickly, sepulchral light upon the face of the departed, it seemed to have awed them all into a deep silence; not a word was spoken, each was buried in his own thoughts. The little mantel clock had just told the hour of midnight, when the attention of all was aroused by the sound of a horse at full speed. As it fell upon their ears, a presentiment of something dreadful shook their nerves. Simultaneously, they sprang from their seats, and listened in breathless attention to the hoarse voice of the horseman as he rode up and down the village, crying, "Rise! rise, all! let each man seize his sword. The British, hot and bloody from Washington, are about to attack us! Fly, fly to repel them! Rise all! Rise all!" Immediately the chamber where silence, a little while before, had held her "brooding court," was filled by cries of horror and dismay, and in a moment there remained with Edmund only the old soldier and his daughter. Edmund clasped his hands in agony, looked alternately towards the old soldier,

Miriam, and his shrouded parent. At length, in the accents of a bursting heart he broke out: "It rends my heart in twain, but I'll do it! My country, thou hast conquered! Nature cries out, perform the last offices to a loved, to the best of parents. But honour and duty cry out still louder—let selfish feelings be sacrificed to public good—**SAVE** your country! My friends (addressing the old soldier and his daughter,) to you I leave my mother, perform the sad rites. I cannot stay; my country bids me fly to her succour. Should I never return, Miriam, let this kiss and this, sometimes lead thee to remember me. Old Soldier, farewell; pray God we meet again. And now my mother, let me press thy cold, cold cheek, once more—there—now peace, heart—Oh God! if I act wrong in this, forgive an erring mortal. Farewell! farewell!"

He joined the troops, he fought the British at North Point, on the eventful 12th of September, 1814; but, nearly at the onset, he was struck to the ground by a ball, but disdaining to yield to what he termed a paltry wound, he fought on, until the loss of blood, and the acute pain of his wound brought him resistlessly to the ground.

With the rest of the wounded, he was taken to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate his leg. The young soldier bore the operation with firmness, but sighed as he felt that he would no longer be an object fit for his Miriam's love. It was some time before he was able to return to his home; Miriam wept as she beheld her Edmund a maimed man, but the old soldier, exultingly exclaimed. "Believe me, Edmund, I more delight in seeing thee thus, than if thou hadst come back without a scar—for I know thou hast not belied my hopes of thee, but hast done thy duty, and well assisted to save Baltimore from the marauding enemy.—A few day after his return home, Edmund asked Miriam to conduct him to his mother's grave. Supporting him on her arm, she led him to the spot. When Edmund saw the grave stones she had caused to be put up, he could not speak; he seized the hand of Miriam, but ere, he could imprint the kiss upon it, a tear of gratitude dropt from his eye and watered it. "Miriam," said he, "a little while ago I left you whole in body, and possessed of your affections. You often told me you *loved* me. I return (a tear stood in his eye as he spoke) maimed, troublesome and useless." "Ah, Edmund," said the maid, interrupting him, "I know what you would say. I did not think you were so cruel as to doubt my fidelity. Indeed, my Edmund, I love you as dearly, nay, more *dearly* than ever." This was more than Edmund expected, or dared to hope. He fell upon the shoulder of his supporter and—*wept*. He could not *speak*—he was blest, he was happy. They were united, and are now the parents of three children.

R. r.



FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A SKETCH.

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O green clad hills, familiar to my sight!  
 O well known paths where oft I wont to rove,  
 Musing the tender accents of my love!  
 Long use and sad remembrance now invite,  
 Again to view the scenes which once could give delight.

PETRARCH.

Adolphus had just reached the summit of one of those romantic hills which seem to form the preparatory steps to the lofty mountains of the Harzwald. Involuntarily he reined in his horse, and cast an anxious look over the expanse of verdant scenery which lay stretched out at his feet. A dark and murmuring stream stole around the foot of the hill through a succession of rich meadows, and was decorated at intervals by rustic bridges thrown across it for the convenience of the adjacent farms. Further on were to be seen neatly white-washed houses peeping through the dark umbrage of the trees which surrounded them, and which by contrast added to the purity of their walls. Still further in the distance, the spire of the village church rose in glittering majesty, throwing off from its tapering sides the beams of the evening sun.

Adolphus gazed upon this sweet landscape with an air of pensive satisfaction: he seemed for a moment to be lost to the external objects upon which his eye rested, and his hand was repeatedly raised to his face, as if to wipe away the tears that gushed suddenly into his eyes. He was evidently deeply moved.

It could not be the novelty or mere beauty of this little valley that produced emotions so strong in his mind; for surely the gallant officer who had travelled through Austria, and Italy, and among all the wildness and sublimity of the Alps, had seen many prospects more lovely in themselves than this, which yielded in beauty to many in its vicinity. Still he continued to look upon the woods, and meadows, and the village, as though so charming an assemblage of rural sights had never met his eye before. The melancholy shade continued to rest upon his countenance, and to lower more darkly when he drew from his bosom a letter, upon which he pored for some minutes, until seeming to recollect himself, he returned it with a deep sigh, and proceeded slowly to descend the hill.

It was his native village which he was about to enter, and every tree, and every hillock, spoke a volume of youthful recollections to his soul. At every step, some spot hallowed by the joyous sports of childhood, saluted his moistened eye; some area of turf—the theatre of boyish gambols; some clump of beeches upon which he had cut again and again the initials of his name; some shady lane through which he had been often led by the hand of a tender father, who had a few days before been committed to the grave. The very cliffs of the neighbouring mountains seemed to gleam upon him with a look of recognition; the wagons returning through the defiles of the hills echoed a well known language to his ear; and when through an opening glade, he caught a glimpse of the little villagers enjoying the rude luxury of the swing, and heard their boisterous laughter, mingled with well remembered Saxon melodies, he was nearly overcome by a gush of warm and tumultuous feelings.

But as he approached the house where he first drew breath, and where, he knew, a mourning mother was even now waiting his arrival—the intensity of his feelings was redoubled, and he was constrained to stop, that he might collect himself sufficiently to meet his bereaved family with proper cheerfulness and composure.

He opened the gate which led into the court in front of the old family mansion, and alighting from his horse, led him slowly along the avenue leading to the house. He stopped for a moment to gaze upon a sun-dial which he had himself erected in the midst of a little grassy mound. The inscription was one which had been selected by his lamented father from Ovid:

*Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis;  
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.*

It was impossible for him not to apply the words to his own situation, and he relapsed into a reverie, while looking at the long dim shadow produced by the setting sun.

Just at that moment two little boys rushed hastily towards him. They were clothed in mourning suits, but it was evident that the depression of grief had ceased in their buoyant and elastic hearts. Their lively little faces, shaded by curling auburn locks, and enlivened by eyes of pure azure, produced a strange emotion in his breast. He clasped them in his arms, and kissed again and again their ruddy cheeks; for he felt an indescribable affection for these little ones, excited probably by something in their countenances, which seemed to speak to him of former days. “Let me go,” said the elder, “I am going to meet my brother Adolphus.” Adolphus hiding his head in the



the folds of the boy's garments, made himself known as the expected brother. No sooner was the discovery made, than both the children bounded away at full speed, to communicate the joyful intelligence, and in a few moments, he found himself clasped in the warm embrace of a mother and a sister.

After the first tumult of salutation was over, and when Adolphus had time to look round upon the well known apartments, a feeling of deep sadness stole over him. He felt the absence of one who had always been the first to welcome him, and whom, during a laborious and tedious campaign, he had expected to revisit. He left the room that he might not, by his ungovernable grief, tear open those wounds in his relatives which time had begun to heal. He strolled through the chambers of the house of his nativity, gazed upon the antiquated family pictures, struck his fingers across the old harpsichord, and visited every spot which he had known in infancy.

Without intending it, he turned the key of the room in which his father had been accustomed for many years to pursue his studies ;—a thousand associations burst upon him, and overwhelmed him with tender recollections. Every thing here remained precisely as it stood at the time of his father's death. The books, the papers, the collections of animal and mineral curiosities, all retained their old positions.

Adolphus felt himself transported back to the time when his venerated parent instilled into his infant mind the principles of religion in this very room. He seemed to see him again seated in that elbow chair, with a son and a daughter upon his knees, amusing them with fictitious tales, or singing to them some German ballad, or instructing them in some branch of useful knowledge. He opened the escritoir at which it was so common to see him writing. On opening his drawer of papers, the well known hand-writing freshened in the memory of Adolphus all these circumstances. Here, upon a little shelf lay the flute with which his youthful ears used to be so much delighted. In one corner the globes from which he learned Astronomy. On two nails over the mantel-piece hung a fowling-piece, the first weapon of carnage he had ever handled. The hat, the cane, the spectacles, that lay in different parts of the room, all served to bring up the image of him who was departed. His soul was melted at the sight of these things, and at the recollection of the circumstances associated with them, and he sat down in the elbow chair, and yielded to the luxury of chastened sorrow.\*\*\*\*\*

SIGMA TAU.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

## HENRY CLAY.

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**THERE** is, perhaps, no Statesman of our times, on whom posterity will look with more regard, and more frequently hold out as a pattern of irreproachable integrity, splendid natural endowments, and eminent national value, than the subject of this Sketch. His energy and eloquence have constituted him the Chatham of our Legislative Councils. Like that illustrious Briton, he is bold, prompt, and comprehensive, in the measures he recommends ; no cold, timid, wavering, half-way policy, ever distracts his views, or compells him to hesitate in his conclusions. He at once, sees clearly how far the just, and the generous part is compatible with wise and the prudent ; and with a boldness that has often surprised the dim-sighted, and the faint-hearted, he has persuaded the nation into the adoption of measures, that have preserved her peace at home, and procured for her the highest honour abroad. The settlement of the Missouri question, and the acknowledgment of South American Independence are achievements which will render the name of Clay illustrious until the Annals of his Country be no more.

This eminent Statesman is a native of the county of Hanover, in Virginia. His father John Clay, was an eloquent and pious divine, of the Baptist persuasion. Henry, his second son, was born in April, 1776, and was still very young, when the good clergyman died, leaving his family in rather circumscribed circumstances. His mother, therefore, could not afford to expend much on the education of her children. To early tuition in the schools, Henry is, in consequence, but little indebted. This circumstance has been more than once, thrown up to him in Congress. by men who gained nothing by such littleness of conduct, but contempt for their pedantry and ill breeding. The peevish Randolph recently received from Mr. Clay, a retort for an allusion of this kind, little inferior in point of dignity and effect, to that with which Mr. Pitt replied to Sir Robert



Walpole's testy sarcasms on his youth. It is not to be supposed, however, but that a mind constituted like young Clay's, embraced every opportunity that offered, for the attainment of knowledge ; and that although the discipline of a regular scholastic education was not to be obtained, the want of it must have been amply atoned for, by the energy of voluntary application to the most useful branches of study.

At a very early age, we indeed find that Mr. Clay was qualified to perform the duties of a clerk in the Chancery office at Richmond. It was there that he attracted the attention of that eminent and benevolent lawyer, Chancellor Wythe, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This venerable patriot no sooner perceived the fine genius and agreeable manners of young Clay, than he became his patron and instructor. With him, the poor orphan, who possessed no recommendation from either friends or fortune, found an asylum and a home. Under the auspices of this kind benefactor, Mr. Clay soon acquired a proficiency in the law ; and in the Autumn of 1797, he removed to Lexington, in Kentucky, where he engaged in the practice of his profession with such success, that he was the next year induced to marry, and received the hand of a daughter of Colonel Hart, who had emigrated from near Hagerstown, in Maryland. His domestic attachments, however, did not in the least weaken either his strong sense of duty to his country, or that ardent love of liberty for which he has since been so distinguished ; for in the same year that he married, he commenced that political career which he has ever since so unremittingly pursued, and which has conferred such signal benefits upon his country.

It was in that year (1798) that the memorable alien and sedition laws became the subject of so much contention throughout the Union ; and in none of the States was the disputation more warmly maintained than in Kentucky. The friends of Mr. Adam's administration, made every exertion in that State, to put down the opposition that was there made to these laws, and having the influence of office on their side, they became so extremely formidable, that the celebrated George Nicholas, whose name will for ever live in the annals of those times for his opposition being charged by them with designing for office, and even with

projecting a dissolution of the Union, was obliged, before he could obtain a patient hearing from the people, to declare solemnly that he would never accept of any office whatever.

In the midst of this angry and doubtful conflict. Mr. Clay, unhesitatingly threw himself into the ranks of the opposition, and young as he was, he was soon able to produce the most powerful and fortunate effect. In his zeal for the popular rights, he sometimes addressed the crowd from a wagon, a scaffold, or in a cabin, or a court-house, just as opportunity presented. It was on these occasions that the dawn of his unrivalled eloquence was displayed. The people listened with delight to his speeches, and became speedily convinced of the unconstitutionality and pernicious tendency of the contested laws.

He became immediately a favourite with Mr. Nicholas, and also with Mr. Breckenridge, (late Attorney General, U. S ) who were both much distinguished for their talents and devotion to the republican cause. Another great question, however, soon arose which occasioned a disagreement between him and Mr. Nicholas.

The people of Kentucky wishing to remodel their State Constitution, appointed, for that purpose, a Convention which met in July, 1799. Previous to the election of the Delegates, it was known that the subject of negro emancipation would become a topic of discussion. The agitation of the question, therefore became general, and in many parts of the state violent. Some of the candidates declared for it, but a large majority were against it. Mr. Nicholas having precluded himself from office by the incident already mentioned, was not a candidate, but his friend, Mr. Breckenridge was. They were both averse to emancipation, and Mr. Clay was in favor of adopting some measure which would procure its gradual accomplishment, which, he thought, might be safely effected in Kentucky. He urged that the proportion of the black population to the white in that state, was not so great as to occasion any inconvenience if the gradual system were adopted; and maintained that it was the true policy of every State so circumstanced, to adopt that system, which gave them the prospect of some time or other getting rid of so serious an evil. He admitted that there were some States in the Union



whose situation would for ages to come, perhaps for ever, forbid them to take such a step ; but such he insisted was not the case with Kentucky. This occasioned Mr. Nicholas to contract a coolness for Mr. Clay, which only ended with his life.

A young man of such powers of mind, openness of sentiment and firmness of resolution, could not be suffered to remain long in private life. and as soon as age rendered him eligible, he was elected to a seat in the State Legislature, although he was, at the time, absent from the neighbourhood. The elections in Kentucky continue open for three days. On the last day of the election he happened to return home, and received the first intimation of his being a candidate from some of the electors whom, as he approached the vicinity of Lexington, he met coming from the polls.

From this time, Mr. Clay continued to be a leading member of the House of Representatives of Kentucky, until 1806, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States, to serve the remainder of the term for which the present Governor Adair, who had resigned, was elected. During that session no measure of much general importance was brought before the Senate. Mr. Clay made his debut on the subject of the erection of the Potomac Bridge, that extremely useful connexion between the different parts of the District of Columbia, and on the great highway leading from the Northern to the Southern parts of the Union. He supported the bill for erecting this Bridge ; and in his speech manifested the great preponderance, which he has constantly permitted broad and national considerations to possess in his mind, over those of a private and limited nature. It was this speech which induced Mr. Erskine, the British Minister, to say that Mr. Clay, in his person and manner of speaking, resembled the late William Pitt more than any person he had ever seen. The newspapers of the time were all liberal in their encomiums on the eloquence of the new Senator. At this session Mr. Clay moved for the extension of the Circuit Court system of the United States, to the States of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio, which measure was carried into effect.

The next season, Mr. Clay, again entered the Legislature of Kentucky, of which he continued an active and efficient member,

until the year 1809, when he was again transferred to the Senate of the United States. During this second period of his services in the National Senate he greatly distinguished himself on two memorable questions. The first related to the occupation, by President Madison, of that part of Louisiana which lies between the Mississippi and the Perdido, and is usually called West Florida. His speech on this occasion was a triumphant vindication of Mr. Maddison's conduct, and was generally admitted to display more research into the nature of our claim to the territory in question, and to afford stronger proofs of its validity than that made by any other member.

The other question in the discussion of which Mr. Clay, at this time took a leading part, was that relating to a renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States. In a Speech which commanded great attention he supported the renewal. During this debate he exercised with the happiest success, his talent for irony against Mr. Giles, who treated with disrespect the instructions he had received from the Legislature of his State.

It is well known that Mr. Clay subsequently changed his opinion in regard to the Constitutional power of Congress to establish a Bank. This is the only instance in which he has ever had occasion to change his first views of a political measure; for he has the happy faculty of at once seeing right from wrong so clearly and accurately, that mature reflection only serves to confirm his first impression. This change of sentiment, however, in respect to the Constitutionality of the National Bank, is a proof that he is neither bigoted nor dogmatical in respect to any opinion, and that, rather than persist in maintaining an error, after he has discovered it, he will readily submit to the charge of inconsistency, which he is well aware is a construction that there are too many in the world, willing enough to attach to the most pure and praiseworthy change of sentiment. Mr. Clay's mind, however, is of too exalted an order to be prevented from following the path pointed out by his conscience, by the fear of exciting the clamour of the invidious or narrow-minded among men, and he is sure that none else will censure a change of opinion manifestly resulting from pure motives and after mature reflection. When the present



Bank was created Mr. Clay was in the Speaker's chair, of which circumstance he might have availed himself, and by abstaining from taking a part in the discussion, he could have concealed the alteration that had taken place in his views on the subject. But to disguise his sentiments at any time, would not comport with his straight-forward honesty and independence of spirit ; and on this occasion, he, therefore, boldly avowed them.

Mr. Clay first entered the House of Representatives, on the fourth of November, 1811, and, on the same day was elected Speaker. In that station, it is believed, that no man ever acquitted himself with more firmness, dignity, and impartiality ; and yet no man ever presided over a body more violently agitated by the dissensions of party, than the Lower House of Congress has frequently been since he has occupied the chair. During the first period of his presiding over its deliberations, preparations were made for the war which was declared in 1812. He was indefatigable in his exertions to maintain the cause of the Country, and to place it in a condition to meet the crisis.

No member among the many of high talents and distinction, whom that perilous period brought together in Congress, was more active and distinguished, nay, we might with truth say, that none was so active, so eloquent and so efficient. Many of his speeches on the important topics then discussed, will never be forgotten while independence and liberty, and "free trade and sailor's rights" remain dear to the feelings of the nation.

The Navy had been rendered unpopular by the extravagance with which Mr. Adams attempted to put it forward beyond the resources of the Country, and also by the opposite system of imbecility afterwards adopted by Mr. Jefferson, and at no time perhaps was it more obnoxious, particularly in the Western country, than at the breaking out of the war, yet Mr. Clay seeing the necessity of its employment, hesitated not to risk his popularity at home, by advocating its cause with all his zeal and ability.

It was about the same period that the violence and intemperance of Mr. Quincy against the war and the administration, provoked from Mr. Clay that celebrated indignant reply, which for its just severity, the lofty tone of its sentiments, and the

splendour of its eloquence, has perhaps never been surpassed in any deliberative assembly. A perusal of it, even at this period of calm, will not be destitute of interest. The contrast which he drew between Mr. Quincy and the other assailants of Mr. Jefferson, and that distinguished personage, has already become a fulfilled prediction. It is as follows:

“Next to the notice which the opposition has found itself called upon to bestow upon the French Emperor, a distinguished Citizen of Virginia, formerly President of the United States, has never for a moment, failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention! An honourable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Quincy) of whom I am sorry to say, it becomes necessary for me, in the course of my remarks, to take some notice, has alluded to him in a remarkable manner. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No sir; in the year 1801, he snatched from the rude hands of usurpation the violated Constitution of his Country, and this is his crime. He preserved that instrument in form, substance and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come, and for *this* he can never be forgiven. But how impotent is party rage directed against him! He is not more elevated by his lofty residence upon the summit of his own favourite mountain, than he is lifted, by the serenity of his mind, and the consciousness of a well spent life, above the malignant passions and turmoils of the day:—no! his own beloved Montecello is not less moved by the storms that beat against its sides than he hears with composure, if he hears at all, the howlings of the whole British pack, set loose from the Essex kennel! When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude, shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors; when he shall be consigned to oblivion, or if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto, the name of Jefferson will be hailed as the second founder of the Liberties of this people, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the *happiest* and brightest epochs in American History. I beg the gentleman's pardon, he has secured to himself a more imperishable fame. I think it was about this time four years



ago, that the gentleman submitted to the House of Representatives an initiative proposition for an impeachment of Mr. Jefferson. The House condescended to consider it. The gentleman debated it with his usual *temper, moderation, and urbanity*. The House decided on it in the most solemn manner, and although the gentleman had some how obtained a second, the final vote stood, one for the proposition, 117 against it! The same historical page that transmitted to posterity the virtues and the glory of Henry the Great of France for their admiration and example, has preserved the infamous name of the fanatic assassin of that excellent monarch. The same sacred pen that portrayed the sufferings and the crucifixion of the Saviour of mankind, has recorded for universal execration the name of him who was guilty of, not betraying his Country (but of a kindred crime) of betraying his God!"

While Mr. Clay remained in the House of Representatives, he never ceased encouraging the disheartened, and contributing all in his power to a vigorous prosecution of the war. He declared in favour of the imposition of taxes for that object, immediately at its commencement, which would have averted many of the subsequent financial embarrassments; but he, Mr. Cheves, and their coadjutors were overruled by the cautious policy of the cabinet,

Without solicitation and we believe, even without expectation on his part, he was in January 1814 appointed one of the ministers to treat for peace. He signed the Treaty at Ghent, and repaired to London, where he assisted in concluding the convention of London, the basis of all our subsequent commercial policy.

During his absence from the United States, and without his knowledge, he was again elected from his old district to the House of Representatives. On his return, entertaining some constitutional scruples about the validity of this proceeding, he resigned, and was immediately re-elected. In the fall of 1815, on taking his seat in the House of Representatives, he was once more placed in the Speaker's chair, where he remained until the last session of the sixteenth Congress, when his private affairs not permitting him to go to Washing-

ton until some time after the commencement of the session, he resigned the chair.

The war and the peace were during the session of 1815, 16, vigorously attacked by the opposition. Mr. Clay defended them both, in a speech in which he disclosed his opinions as to the manner in which Congress should adapt the Country to the existing peace, characterized by such ability, that the *Intelligencer* of the day pronounced, that if he had never made any other, it would have entitled him to the praise of a profound Statesman, as well as an eloquent orator.

It was during the same session, that the subjects of internal improvements and of manufactures came up. On the former Mr. Clay delivered his opinions in a speech of such merit, that it has been recently republished in a respectable law journal, as a sort of text upon that great subject. In regard to the manufactures, he was their earnest, zealous, and efficient supporter. By the greatest exertions he occasioned the article of woolen fabrics, in committee of the whole by a small majority to be placed at 30 per cent, a rate which if it had finally carried, would have probably, prevented any new application for the further encouragement of that article ; but the decision was reversed in the House by a small majority.

In 1817, 18, he brought forward his proposition for the recognition of Spanish American Independence. In that great cause he persevered with a zeal and eloquence, of which it was every way worthy, until he finally carried the vote of the House of Representatives. He was opposed by the whole administration and its followers, by all of selfish and calculating feelings, by the friends of that very foreign commerce which will be aggrandized by the event ; but sustained by the people of the United States and by the goodness of the cause itself, he finally prevailed. Some of his speeches on that most interesting subject, are happily preserved to transmit his name to posterity as a true friend to liberty, and a benefactor of the human race.

When the Tariff of 1816 was found incompetent to protect the the national industry against the overwhelming weight of foreign capital, and the efforts of foreign manufactures and merchants,



an application was again made to Congress for relief. Mr. Baldwin's Tariff was the consequence. Mr. Clay again appeared as the champion of home industry, and greatly distinguished himself by his seal and eloquence on the occasion.

With the same ability he advocated the measures which finally prevailed on Great Britain to let us into a fair participation with the vessels of that power in her West India trade. He has indeed on all occasions, throughout his whole career, evinced an anxious desire to promote the interests of foreign commerce, without neglecting those of internal industry, which it is his opinion should ever be most sedulously cherished.

Mr. Clay opposed the Florida Treaty, not because he was inimical to the acquisition of Florida or to the settlement of affairs with Spain; but because he thought it unnecessarily sacrificed Texas. His speech on this subject affords a very luminous view of the whole merits of that question.

Perhaps at no one session, was Mr. Clay more distinguished, than during the remnant of the last in which he served before the present one. It was then that all his efforts were crowned with complete success in the cause of Spanish America; then also did he so powerfully contribute to allay the storm by which this happy country, this great nation, and all its hopes were threatened with destruction. He arrived in the month of January, when more than the half of a short session was exhausted, and all efforts to reconcile the contending parties on the Missouri question had proved unavailing. The warning voice of the bland and amiable Lowndes was disregarded; all business was at an end; the Missouri question put aside every thing. All thoughts were bent on it. The opposing parties resembled two hostile armies drawn up in battle array, and ready in a moment to engage in mortal combat; and the Nation seemed threatened immediately with the terrible scourge of a civil war. Mr. Clay dedicated all his powers night and day, in the House, and out of the House, to avert the impending calamity. The result is fresh in the recollection of all. The newspapers at that period, announced, that "Mr. Clay had saved what Washington had achieved." Such was the sentiment and such the impression of the public, as to the importance of his exertions; and it was uni-

versally believed that no other could have effected the reconciliation. It was not to promote slavery, that he thus struggled. Many years before (1799 as already stated) he was in favour of gradual emancipation in his own State, where he then thought it might be safely effected. He was in favour of what he believed to be the right of the States ; and it was his opinion that this unhappy subject of slavery could not be introduced into Congress without danger of the most disastrous consequences. At this Session he also made a speech of great merit in favour of the Bankrupt Bill.

During the greater part of the time he has served in the House of Representatives, he has been unremitting in his exertions, in behalf of the great Cumberland road, from the conviction that such a National road will tend greatly to bind together the Eastern and Western sections of the Republic. The spontaneous gratitude of the people along the road, has erected a monument to him, and perpetuated his name in that of a flourishing village.

Mr. Clay declined an election to the seventeenth Congress. To the present Congress, the eighteenth, he was elected without opposition ; and on his appearance in the House of Representatives, on the first of Dec. 1823, he was once more elected Speaker by the first ballot. When he resigned the Chair, at the second session of the sixteenth Congress, the House was employed three days in electing its Speaker ; and on the meeting of the seventeenth Congress, it was employed two days. But such was the general satisfaction that Mr. Clay always gave, such the dignity and ability with which he presided over that body, that in no instance was more than one ballot necessary to determine the election in his favour. His speech on Internal Improvements during the present session, is considered the best ever offered to the public on that subject. His exertions in the Greek cause were animated and zealous, as might have been expected in a cause so congenial to his well known liberality and philanthropy of principles and feelings. On the Tariff, so far as its discussion has yet advanced, he has also exerted himself powerfully in behalf of domestic industry. This is indeed a topic on which he has often delighted the House of Representatives with some of the finest effusions of eloquence that ever flowed within its walls.



It has been remarked as an honourable proof of Mr. Clay's independence of spirit, that during the whole time he has had a seat in the House of Representatives, except the second Session of the sixteenth Congress, in which he was present only from about the 16th of January to the 4th of March, he was its Speaker; and consequently might have avoided taking any decisive part in its debates, or even voting on the questions which agitated the Nation, without subjecting himself to the slightest censure. But he is too conscientious in the discharge of his duty to shrink from any responsibility which a zealous and faithful adherence to it may incur. On the Bank question, as has been before observed, he might have been silent; but to entertain a change of opinion without frankly avowing it, never suited the open manliness of his character. Accordingly in the committee of the whole, where he alone had the right to debate, he not only promptly and unhesitatingly avowed his sentiments, but took a decided and leading part in the discussion, although he knew that it was at the hazard of his popularity. His Country's good, its liberty, its prosperity, its honour, and its fame, are the great and binding objects which always command his warmest wishes, and his most zealous exertions; and in competition with which personal considerations are with him as nothing.

Mr. Clay's personal appearance is much in his favour as a public speaker. He is about six feet high, straight, and although inclined to slenderness, yet of very pleasing proportions. His hair is light coloured; his forehead high, and rather retiring. His eyes are blue, and slightly sunk in their sockets; his nose is somewhat prominent, and his mouth a little larger than usual. His cheek bones are high, and his cheeks thin; his face is therefore narrow, but of a good proportion in length. His countenance taken altogether strongly expresses energy, firmness, and intelligence; and his whole deportment, although dignified and commanding, is yet affable, agreeable and easy.

When he rises to speak, he generally stands erect; but as he advances with his subject, and becomes animated, which he soon does, his countenance brightens, his gestures become active and exceedingly impressive, evidently flowing naturally and spontaneously from the earnestness with which he urges his opi-

nions, and therefore are always appropriate, and pleasing. Over his voice he has the most perfect command, being capable of modulating it to every degree of force and emphasis necessary to give effect to his language and sentiments.

We may sum up the character of this illustrious American, by saying, that as a patriot no man has ever evinced more sincerity; as a statesman, none more sagacity and promptitude; as a philanthropist, none has been more importantly active and useful; and as an orator it would be difficult to find one in any country by whom soundness, brilliancy, and force, have been more happily united or more effectively displayed.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE POOR STUDENT.....A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

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IN THREE PARTS—PART FIRST.

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*Scene.—A Small chamber in a cottage—A lattice with woodbine, through which the moon shines—Summer, Midnight—The Poor Student sitting by a dying lamp.*

SEYMOUR.

Why do thy watches speed so fast, sweet Night?  
 Why does the lamp grow dim upon my vigils,  
 And the sad spirit falter, when the wings  
 Of the imagination would go on?  
 Why is the flesh weak, and the eye so dim  
 With over-watching, and yet know no rest?  
 'Tis that the spirit hath not strength to bear  
 The burthen of our gross mortality!  
 'Tis that the heart bows in its solitude  
 To patient study and its midnight care;  
 And, like the silver lute-chord, when o'erstrained,  
 Wearied by long and frequent watchings, breaks.  
 Sad is th' inheritance of pain, that waits



The child of genius and the son of song!  
 Sad the return for unrepining toil,  
 And wasting study o'er the midnight lamp!  
 The broken spirit, and the ambitious pride  
 Of buoyant youth crush'd down to earth forever;  
 The troubled eye, the brow of pale cold beauty,  
 The glow of brighter hope decaying there;  
 And feverish dreams, that haunt the couch of sleep;  
 These are the seals of genius, and the crowns  
 Of thorns, with woven flowers, her sons must wear  
 Upon their aching brows until they bleed.  
 And thou art beautiful, thou waning moon,  
 Whose silver lamp is hung in yon blue sky,  
 Shedding a glow of melancholy light!  
 And I have lov'd thee in my saddest hour,  
 When other loves had faded; and in thee  
 Have found a pow'r to soothe, when was no other,—  
 A loneliness, that answer'd to my own.  
 And thou art far upon thine orbit, whilst  
 Around thee countless hosts of stars are met,  
 And rolling spheres are at their midnight hymns.  
 Sweet through the open'd lattice, and around  
 The quiv'ring woodbine the cool night breeze plays,  
 And fans with trembling wing my feverish cheek.  
 Nature looks lovely; and the moonlight sleeps  
 On the blue distant mountain, whilst the voice  
 Of dashing waters from the Summer vale  
 Breaks on my ear. And this is beautiful!  
 But I am sick at heart, and faint!—

## SEYMOUR AND GERTRUDE.

GER.

O Seymour,

Still do thy vigils keep thine eyes from sleep!—  
 Still does the wasting lamp shine dim upon  
 The midnight page, that soon shall be to thee  
 The chronicle of sorrow and disease!  
 Cease from thy study,—'tis the hour of sleep,  
 And thou hast need of sleep, for thou art weary.

SEY.

Gertrude, kind Gertrude, slumber will not seal  
 My aching eyes, until the night is spent  
 And the gray morning has begun its watches.  
 Why then should I lie down upon my couch  
 Of restless fever, where my limbs will tremble,  
 My lips be dry and parch'd, and my brow burn?  
 No! at the open lattice I will stand,  
 And gaze on nature with her moonlight veil.

The night is pleasant to me, and the breeze  
Comes from the wood-crown'd mountain, with a light  
And lively song, to kiss my pallid brow,  
That is already fever'd!—Take my hand.

GER. Alas, how hot and dry it is! O Seymour  
I fear thou art not well! thy pulse is high,  
Thy cheek is deadly pale, and thy hand trembles!  
O watch no longer; thou art wearied by it,  
And it is over late, for midnight wanes.

SEY. Were I to seek my couch I could not sleep—  
And if I could, strange dreams would visit me,  
Thoughts of the mournful yew, and of the grave;  
And this would be but weariness; besides,  
The morning is not yet; and I have wished  
The morning breeze was fresher and more chill.  
My hours of midnight study are not many,  
Why should I lessen them by restless sleep?

GER. Thy watchings, Seymour, are too long and frequent:  
For I have noted them, and often seen  
The light of thy dim taper tremble on  
The leafy woodbine that hangs round thy lattice,  
When others were asleep, and thou didst think  
No eye was looking on thy patient toil.  
To night I knew thou wast not sleeping, and  
I came to warn thee, that 'twas time to rest.

SEY. Dear Gertrude, I am faint and sick to night,  
And very sad, ev'n more than I am wont.  
But though I may not sleep, yet thanks to thee  
For those kind words of thine and kinder thoughts:—  
For ever was the tone of feeling higher  
Within thy bosom, than thy tongue could tell.

GER. Thy wasted lamp is quiv'ring in its socket!  
It has gone out,—and I must leave thee now.  
Thy spirits will be lighter in the morning—  
Good night! Good night!

SEY. O go not yet, for I  
Am very sorrowful, and fain would have  
Thy voice to cheer me,—but thou too art sad.  
How this hand trembles!—But look out and see.  
Where beautiful the setting moon goes down?  
There are no mists about it, and no cloud



To dim its holy brightness at departing !  
 Thus, purified from all earth's grossness, would  
 My spirit bid the world and thee farewell !  
 For as in Heav'n her night-hours, so on earth  
 My days are number'd, and will soon be spent.  
 List ! and thine ear will shortly hear the faint  
 And midnight music of the wind and wave  
 Swell o'er the upland and in distance die !  
 So shall I perish, and my memory,  
 Leaving no trace behind upon the earth ;  
 Life's but a song of saddest harmony.  
 Thou saw'st the midnight lamp grow dull and dim,  
 Revive and fade by turns, and then sink down,  
 And with a pale and quiv'ring flame go out !  
 Cherish'd by thought and dim'd again by fears,  
 Such is the life of man !—and so the lamp  
 Of his existence often beams the brightest  
 When lowest in the socket, 'till at last  
 Wasted by one great effort, it goes out.  
 For oft the brightest glow is on the cheek  
 Where death has set his fatal seal most firmly,  
 And flow'rs are often found upon the grave's-brink.

GER. Thy thoughts dwell too much on the mournful grave,  
 Dear Seymour !—Would that thou wert happier,  
 Knowing no sorrow in thy dreams by night,  
 Nor in thy waking thoughts ; Oh ! I should be  
 Of cheerful heart and lighter spirit then ;  
 And thy poor mother, though bow'd down with age,  
 Would bear the burthen of her years less sadly !—  
 Alas ! I know not how it is, that still  
 My feelings have a melancholy tone,  
 That suits the sadness of thy countenance,  
 And then are livelier, when the cheerful glow  
 Of health and gladness is upon thy cheek.  
 Sleep, then, and rest thee ; and may morning find  
 Thou hast a lighter heart than now ! Good night !—

SEY. Good night, dear Gertrude ; and bright dreams be thine,  
 'Till morning comes again, with her gemm'd wings  
 Waving in beauty on the eastern hills !—(*Gertrude goes out.*)  
 And roll the wings of night so swiftly on ?—  
 They move more slowly now !—for nought so much  
 As care and sorrow stay the feet of Time.  
 And is it wise that man, who at its close  
 Becomes so avaricious of this life,

Should deem the hours time's hand has portioned out  
 As his inheritance, pass off too slowly?  
 Why should men say, that life is short, and yet  
 Waste the bright morning of their younger days?  
 Or that the Autumn-harvest brings no fruit,  
 When Springs sweet blossoms faded through neglect?  
 Alas! Philosophy may never teach  
 The lesson from experience we can learn,  
 That life, which seems through hope's perspective glass,  
 An age, is but a day to memory's eye.

(*The Scene closes.*)

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## PART SECOND.

### *Sequestered Woodland Scenery—Early Morning.*

SEYMOUR.

The music of the morning,—the loud hymn  
 Of the wing'd tenants of the woodland. and  
 The rushing song of breathing winds above them,  
 With the deep voice of falling waves, and faint  
 The far, long-swelling peal of village bells,—  
 Break full and cheerfully upon night's stillness.  
 The summer sky is cloudless, and the air  
 Breath's with a clear, cold freshness, as the Hours  
 Roll back the flood-gates of the eastern light,  
 And full the Spring-tide of the morning gushes.  
 Dark in its sheeted mirror, where yon stream  
 Spreads its blue waters to a wider bound,  
 The woodland waves reflected, and below  
 As fair a Heaven expands as that above,  
 With the lark's wild-wing fanning in the ether:  
 So! heralding Hyperion's advent, bright  
 The morning star glows like an orb of fire,  
 Full in the Orient, where the deeper blue  
 Of Heaven is ting'd with streaks of silver light,  
 And other stars seem joyless in the day-spring.  
 If in these rolling spheres, as man has deem'd,  
 The creature in the great Creator's image made,  
 Though of a higher rank than ours, inhabits,  
 A link in the great chain of being, form'd  
 Connecting man with angels,—or if there,  
 Spirits of higher and of holier birth,  
 Have their allotted dwellings, with what eyes  
 Did they look down on our rebellious earth



When waters were its grave, and man in death  
 Had lost his rich inheritance of joy?  
 O, did they weep when clouds of sin were round it,  
 And as a wandering planet it rolled on;  
 Unheard the music of the verging spheres,  
 Though not unseen the beauty of their brightness?  
 Or purified from tears, did they behold,  
 With pitying eyes, our frailty and transgression?—  
 But man may task his wisdom all in vain,  
 To light the clouded mystery of what  
 The free imagination may aspire to!  
 And reason's pinion stoops to earth again,  
 Tho' visionary fancy journeys on!—  
 Now as the morning blushes o'er the hills,  
 And brighter glows, I'll turn my feet along  
 The path that winds beside the river's margin. *(Goes out.)*

*Gertrude and a Peasant Girl, enter on the opposite side.*

PEASANT GIRL.

This way he passed but deadly pale he was,  
 And his wild eye was gazing on the sky  
 As he would read his fate amongst the stars!  
 I pray thee not to follow—he might hurt thee!—

GER. Hurt me, child!—never!—we have grown  
 Together from our childhood, and since then  
 Never has been my name on Seymour's lips,  
 Except in kindness; and the early bud,  
 That friendship plac'd between us is full-blown  
 Into the flow'r of love. And think'st thou now  
 That he would hurt me?

P. G. Ah! I could not tell,  
 But then he look'd so wildly, and his cheek  
 Was pale as death, and then was flush'd again,  
 And chang'd as did my brother's ere he died!  
 His step was hurried too, and now and then  
 He stop'd and spoke, but it was to himself,—  
 None else was near.

GER. Hush! child, you frighten me!  
 And yet say on! what heard or saw you more?

P. G. I know no more: for he had pass'd me then,  
 As I was standing on the trembling plank,  
 That bridges yonder brook. Now let us go!

GER. Ah no!—not yet!—say, which way did he go?

P. G. He took the left hand path that leads this way,  
And farther onward to the waterfall.  
Farewell. *(Goes out.)*

GER. O Seymour, this is then the fruit  
Of thy long studies in the hours of sleep!  
Thy midnight cares have blasted thee, and wither'd  
The zeal and beauty of thy youth away,  
And the rich pride of dawning manhood, which  
An early piety kept holy, and  
Free from pollution, pure, and passionless,  
Unless the gush of wild and youthful feeling,  
And brighter love, that knew no shade nor change,  
Were deem'd thy passions. But the glow of health  
Has faded like the rainbow's tints away,  
And the deep hectic flush is on his cheek,  
That, like the sere red leaf in Autumn, speaks  
Decay and dissolution! He is here!—

SEYMOUR AND GERTRUDE.

SEY. Ah Gertude! I had wish'd to meet you here,  
For I have had forebodings sad and fearful,  
Of coming ill; and I have risen up  
To feel the morning breezes fresh and free,  
Breathing along the woodland, and to hear  
The cheerful song of lighter hearts than mine.  
I had a dream last night, and it has left  
Dark traces on my mind, who am not wont  
To take much thought of dreams. But this has spoken  
Of the mysterious future, with a voice  
That will be heard and listen'd to, though fearful.  
I thought the freshness of the morning air  
Might cheer my spirit, but I strive in vain  
To chase away those shadow'd images,  
That becon dimly to my waking thoughts,  
And bid them follow on, as in my dreams.  
Nor is my heart less troubled; for which way  
I turn, faintly before my eyes they move.  
This was my dream. I thought I stood at night  
In a sick chamber by the couch of pain,  
When life and death were struggling for the mastery.  
Waving and dim a lamp stood by the couch,  
And soon was wasted and went out! And then  
Deep was the struggle of mortality;—



The flame of being quiver'd and was quench'd.  
The moon shone dimly down!—Gertrude 'twas thee!  
I touch'd thy brow, 'twas cold and pale.—I spake  
But silence seal'd thy lips; and I awoke.  
Trembling and faint I rose, but still that dream  
Floats faint and fearfully before my eyes!—

GER. And dwell thy thoughts so long on such a dream?  
A buoyant spirit as thine used to be,  
And a mind strong by nature, would not deem  
That such as these were proper themes for thought,  
But love shall bring forgetfulness of this!  
And by the friendship of our earlier years,  
The plighted vows of our affection, and  
Our thoughts and hopes of better days to come,  
I do beseech thee to forget such dreams!—

SEY. *That* love must have an end full soon, unless  
It can survive the ruin of the grave!  
And all the tenderness of former years,  
Present affection, and our future hopes,  
Be wither'd with me or bloom o'er the tomb!

GER. O do not look so wildly on me, Seymour,  
Nor let thy thoughts be of the grave. Long years  
And happier shall yet be ours, and love  
Shall smile, whose smile survives the grave.

SEY. Listen, dear Gertrude, for these words may be  
The last my lips shall utter on this theme!  
When the long sleep of death shall come upon me,  
Let that affection which though sorrow glows,  
That love which warmed our hearts in earlier years,  
Linger around the grave that keeps my dust,  
And consecrate the melancholy place,  
And let it fade,—if it should ever fade,—  
As does the echo of the mellow flute,  
Breathed o'er the sweet and silver-chorded lyre.  
*That* love impressed so deeply on thy heart,  
Should be the record of departed life,  
Nor perish sooner than the marble stone,  
That chronicles the name of him beneath!

(*The Scene closes.*)

## PART THIRD.

*The Waterfall, and the grave of Seymour—Summer, Sunset.*

GERTRUDE.

And art thou here no longer? Has the voice  
 Of fearful destiny called unto thee,  
 And has his hand seal'd thy affectionate lips,  
 Forever and forever? I have watch'd  
 Until the going down of the bright sun,  
 And his last beam is sleeping on thy grave!  
 Thine is a dreamless sleep, that knows no waking,  
 But he shall shine upon the earth again!  
 The groves are green around me, yet full soon  
 Nature shall tune her harp of Autumn tide,  
 Winds wake upon the mountain, and a sound  
 Be in the valley of fast falling leaves,  
 Scatter'd and sere, and rustling; so must fade  
 The pride, and bloom, and beauty of the Summer,  
 And solemn Autumn in the garb of age,  
 And nature worn and weary soon decay.  
 But unto nature shall be youth again!—  
 She shall give birth to Spring, and Spring to flowers;  
 Summer and Autumn shall again go by  
 And frozen Winter,—circling round the earth.  
 But thou art in the grave,—that has no portal,—  
 The grave, where youth can never dawn again,  
 Where love is not, nor heard the voice of mirth,  
 Where is no fear, nor hope, nor tears, nor sadness,  
 Nor chance, nor change, like what are on the earth.  
 O mournful, mournful is the dashing wave,  
 Where bright and broken o'er the steep it rolls,  
 And gushes wild among its moss-grown rocks;—  
 This was his frequent and his favourite haunt,  
 At morning and at evening, and these groves  
 Have known his wanderings, and have heard the sighs  
 Of his so young, but worn and wasted spirit.—  
 And it is meet, that he should sleep at last,  
 In this wild spot, with which he was familiar,  
 That the same winds, that caught his sighs before,  
 Might breathe them o'er his low and lonely grave,  
 And the same boughs, whose shade he lov'd in life,  
 Should wave, mournfully wave above his slumber!—  
 Why am I here? The past with all its joys  
 And sorrows, and its smiles and tears, is gone!



The lamp of Hope, that beam'd in other days  
 A light of beauty on my happier years,  
 Is washed, dim'd, and gone ! Why linger I ?  
 I hear a mournful voice none else may hear !  
 I see a spectred form, that becons me !  
 It points me to the grave !—Seymour, I come.— (*Goes Out.*)

## TWO PEASANTS.

FIRST P. This is a lonely spot, yet beautiful,  
 That he has chosen for his silent rest  
 From th's world's troubles,—for his last cold couch,  
 And his last slumber, long, but still not wakeless.  
 And yet if spirits from their graves come forth  
 To walk the earth at night fall, and the spots,  
 That were the habitations of the dust  
 They tenanted, *his* spirit too shall haunt  
 These shadowing groves he loved so well in life,  
 And on the night-breeze melancholy speak.

SECOND P. They say, that troubled spirits always walk,  
 While dust is mingling with its dust again,  
 And it would seem, that his, so sad in life,  
 Would not sleep quiet in its lonely grave,  
 Where is no silent fellowship in death,  
 And no communion with those gone before,  
 But would come back to visit us again.

FIRST P. Poor Gertrude, she will die of grief ! For he  
 Was all her hope, and he is wither'd now !

SECOND P. He died in peace : and yet 'tis said sad sounds  
 Were heard at night, and he had seen sad dreams,  
 Ere yet his mournful spirit was set free.  
 Still it would seem that death was sweet to him,  
 If it were not that Gertrude would be left  
 Lonely and comfortless in this wide world.

FIRST P. Hist ! hist ! some one is here !

*The Peasants and a Stranger.*

## STRANGER.

Peace, gentle friends !—  
 Unless my truant feet have led me far  
 From the right path, the peasant pointed out,  
 'Tis some where near this spot a person dwells

Known by the name of Seymour. I have come  
With tidings, that will be of joy to him  
And those that here are dear to him. Know ye  
Aught of his dwelling !

SECOND P.

Stranger, it is there !

(Points to the grave.)

STRANGER. What !—in the grave ?—The grave, so cold and silent !—  
Then is the hand, that would have sav'd too late !—  
The voice, that would have call'd from tears to joy,  
Unheard !—the friend, that would have cherish'd,  
Come but to see the green turf on the grave  
Of him, that cold neglect has wither'd !  
But yet the friendship, that was ours before,  
Shall not be crush'd by death's unsparing hand :  
For as the impress of the seal remains,  
Though the frail wax that holds it may be broken,  
So youthful friendship lingers through the heart,  
Where time more deeply had impres'd it, breaks !—  
He had an aged mother with him, and  
A maid of somewhat greener years. To them  
The proffer'd gift may not be brought in vain.  
And how bear they the chastening rod ?

FIRST P.

The mother

Relies upon a hope, that never falters !—  
But Gertrude, she, so young is broken-hearted !

(A corpse is precipitated over the Waterfall.)

SECOND P. 'Tis she !—'tis she !—

FIRST P.

Gertrude !—

STRANGER.

Then nought is left,

Save 'tis to light'n the burthen of Old Age,  
And smooth a few short footsteps to the grave !—  
Now lead me to the desolated dwelling,  
Over whose threshold have the feet of death  
So lately pass'd !—

SECOND P.

This way the foot-path leads.

*End of the Poor Student.*



## INCIDENTAL REMARKS

ON

## ADAM SMITH'S THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS.

*Continued from page 157.*

## PASSIVE IMPRESSIONS AND ACTIVE PRINCIPLES.

IF virtue be a primary object of natural desire, how comes it that as such it is seldom sought, at least in the way best calculated to obtain it, or when sought, obtained? Whereas vice, its contrary, which cannot be considered an object of natural desire, is yet apparently often pursued, and as often obtained? Virtue as an object of natural desire is a passive impression, and, unhappily for human nature, like all passive impressions, the stronger it is allowed to become, the weaker grows that habit of moral ability by which alone virtue is to be obtained—the active principle or habit of practical exertion. The man whose delicacy of sentiment is most perfect, and whose passive impressions consequently are in the last degree refined, is less apt to acquire that habit of exertion which seems alone to be regarded as constituting virtue, than another man of less constitutional virtue and refinement. The latter consequently, if not early initiated into practical habits, is more liable to error and misconduct than the former: for, as Adam Smith remarks, “this disposition (delicacy of sentiment) tho’ it may be attended with imperfections, is incompatible with any thing grossly criminal.” This disposition, he proceeds to observe, “is the happiest foundation upon which the superstructure of perfect virtue can be built.”\* This constitutional temperament is often so intense as to become dangerous; and has not unfrequently proved fatal to the possessor. On the contrary, the man of dull moral perceptions and of course moral constitution, is most easily susceptible of those practical habits which in the end would undoubtedly lead to virtue, that is, to virtuous exertion. Before a man thus constituted, has ever† “gone over the theory of virtue in his mind,” before his passive impressions have acquired strength, his active principles or habits of practical exertion have been confirmed. The passive impressions of

\* Theory of Moral Sentiments. Part ii. Section 3.

† This may seem an invidious distinction, but it is one nevertheless, sanctioned by our actual observation; and we doubt not by that of almost every other man.

such a person are perhaps always weak, if not coarse and common : they are therefore not likely to acquire any influence, and can consequently form no obstacle to the attainment of those active habits which are perhaps the stronger for the want of this original bias of the mind. The original bias of the mind invariably disposes it to theoretical or speculative virtue, and can be overcome only by an early initiation into habits of a practical tendency ; and even then it occasionally gets the better of those habits, and not unfrequently materially affects the happiness of the person who may appear to be absorbed in the traffic of the world. "Going over the theory of virtue in the mind," says Bishop Butler, "is so far from implying a *habit* of it, that the *contrary* is not unfrequently the case."\* Experience and observation verify the truth of this remark ; passive habits like other habits become the stronger for indulgence ; and thus it is that "going over the theory of virtue in the mind," tends to produce a habit of passive exertion, if we may so express ourselves, which opposes a fatal barrier to the formation of active principles. The man whose active principles have been confirmed by a long and rigid course of practical exertion, is generally lost to that delicate perception of moral beauty which lights up and pervades the being of the man who has been in the habit of contemplating virtue in her abstract or ideal form. The latter may be said to "accommodate the shews of things to the *desires* of the mind ;"† whereas the former *brings down* the "desires of the mind," to the realities of things. There is moreover an intense, tho' melancholy gratification in the indulgence of the former, while at the same time it flatters perhaps the vanity of our human nature. It is thereby one of those seductive habits which require, in order to be overcome or at least subdued, in part, a degree of resolution which very few are found to possess ; and least of all the man who indulges in the habit. The man who is in the practical habit of relieving distress is less affected by the sight of it than the man who has been in the habit merely of "going over the theory" of benevolence in his mind. The former has acquired an aptness and dexterity in affording relief, to which the latter is a stranger. The former may be inferior to the latter, in an almost unmeasurable degree, in that genuine sensibility which affects the man of passive habits even when the object of that sensibility is not immediately present to him. The former notwithstanding, appears to the generality of persons to be possessed of those qualities in the very *absence* of which consists his virtue. But the mere absence of active principles, when passive

\* Analogy of Religion.

† Bacon's Instaration of the Sciences. Vol. i. Art. Poetry.



impressions are perfect, cannot be charged upon a man as vicious, altho' there can be certainly but little virtue where these are wanting. The only charge is, that with these virtuous *impressions* vicious *habits* are not unfrequently combined. Vice not being an object of natural desire, the mind cannot be supposed to form to itself a *theory* of it; and of "going over that theory" for its *own sake*, so as to form a passive habit of vicious indulgence. Where this the case, the mind would be satisfied with the mere theory, and *virtuous habits* would perhaps necessarily result; for the more we contemplate in *theory* the deformity of vice, the more struck we should necessarily be with the beauty of the contrast which virtue affords to it; Mr. Pope's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.\*

The many virtuous passive impressions, we say, is often charged with being guilty of actions, perhaps a series of actions that are vicious in the eyes of the world. A person of this description however, it should be remembered, is deprived of that moral experience which affords to reason (as is implied in the notion of mere passive impressions) the matter whence that faculty makes its inductions; which are no other than those general rules and maxims in Morals, which seem to guide and direct our conduct in cases where the nicest casuistry would fail perhaps to furnish us with most light. The general rules, whether of nature or positive law, or whether of morals, are those inductions which reason makes from experience. Experience offers to the consideration of reason, that various and compounded knowledge which it has gathered from its intercourse with the world; and reason, in its turn, proceeds to adjust as it were the relative value and comparative importance of this knowledge so obtained. And accordingly, reason draws its inferences and makes its inductions; which process when completed, presents us with a set of rules that frequently possess the precision and are capable of the demonstrative evidence of mathematical propositions—unallayed at the same time, by any admixture of that extraneous matter which enters into the composition of strict positive law. The general rules presuppose the antecedent knowledge of many particular cases of human conduct; these rules therefore never suggest themselves to the

\* Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

*Essay on Man.*

When the poet wrote the above lines, he must have designed them to apply exclusively to the man of vicious practical habits; and they certainly apply with great truth in such a case—altho' they are not very original as a practical observation, nor very just as a philosophical deduction.

mind whose passive impressions imply habits of comparative seclusion and retirement from the busy scenes of active life. A mind under the influence of these habits, has consequently little or no moral experience ; and is therefore by further consequence, unprovided with any practical guides to virtuous conduct. Active principles imply nothing more than principles put into action, or practical conduct of any kind ; these principles further, may be said only to illustrate the force of habit, not the sense of duty. It is of little moment whether these principles are employed in effecting positive good to others, or in preserving such a tenor of conduct as merely results in the absence of ill to ourselves. But the man whose moral constitution is made up of mere passive impressions, in whom the elements of good remain unwrought into any system of practical conduct, is very apt, if occasionally forced into collision with the rough habits of the world, to perceive the want of those practical principles which he is for the first time made to *feel* lie at the bottom and form the basis of the conduct of those around him. Such a person therefore, is easily *misunderstood* ; he himself perhaps feels that his intentions at least are misconstrued ; he conceives immediate disgust, and proceeds as it were, to wreak this feeling of offended virtue in an *opposite* course of conduct from the one he at first attempted to pursue ; but which he finds, as he thinks, is impracticable, in as much as it has given offence, and has been misinterpreted. It is impossible to calculate the measure of ill which almost necessarily results from this *forced reaction* of feelings that are in themselves virtuous and intensely vivid ; but which have been repulsed, sometimes with coldness, but oftener with indignity, in their first timid, yet open and generous advances to the world. It is certainly a melancholy mode of retaliating the wrongs we may have received from others, by rushing upon the commission of wrong to ourselves ; and of redressing the feelings of our injured virtue, by subjecting those feelings to situations in which their susceptibility can expect only to receive further injury. There is no feeling of our nature so liable to be wounded as that of conscious virtue. Offended pride may be conciliated—offended vanity may be cajoled—even offended honour may be appeased, but offended virtue admits of no atonement. If wounded, it pines like the melancholy eagle, and so dies—no soundescapes—a look of ineffable contempt is all that tells the wretch who gave the blow, how insignificant he is. This virtue is by no means so secure and independent of fortune, and of the caprice and ignorance of those we live with, as many have supposed it to be. It is undoubtedly its own and sole reward in the end ; but still it is dependent for a temporary satisfaction upon the reception which it may meet with from the world.

(*To be Continued.*)



## POETRY.

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### THE ISLE OF GREEN.

#### A SONG.

*Tune, "Gramachree."*

WHEN o'er the ocean's stormy scene,  
Hard fortune bade me rove,  
With tears I left the ISLE OF GREEN,  
And all I e'er can love;  
For scenes of joy I'll never find,  
Like Erin's fields again;  
Nor meet with hearts so true and kind,  
As Irish breasts contain.

When on the deck I took my stand,  
To view with anxious eye,  
The fading tints of that dear land  
Where all my fathers lie,  
I sigh'd to think of many a friend,  
There, long and dearly lov'd,  
Whose pray'rs for me shall oft ascend,  
When I am far remov'd.

O! ye of tender hearts declare,  
If ye the pang e'er knew,  
Which parting friends are doom'd to  
bear,  
How sad their last adieu!  
If ye have felt your country sweet,  
And must from her depart,  
Think ye with aught on earth to meet,  
Except a—broken heart!

When Erin's son's are forc'd to stray,  
Far from their native shore,  
In hours of grief, ah! well may they,  
Their cruel fate deplore!  
Well may they too, in hours of pride,  
Boast that their birth was there,  
For ocean rolls his ample tide,  
Around no land so fair!

M'ERIN.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

#### ILLUSIONS OF FANCY.

Why does hope so often languish,  
Pleasure satiate, and destroy?  
'Tis because a *fancied* anguish  
Takes the place of real joy.

Why does angry time remind us,  
Of the many hours mispent?  
'Tis because they leave behind us,  
But the stings of discontent.

Youth, the season for enjoyment,  
Basking e'er in pleasure's stream,  
Without study or employment,  
Finds his happiness a dream.

Fondly grasping, and pursuing  
Pleasure, that eludes the eye,  
Still possessing, still renewing,  
What is fancy but a sigh?

Vainly solid comfort courts him,  
To improve the present hour,  
Siren Fancy still transports him,  
'Till she charms away her power.

F. L.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

#### *To the Novice of the Convent of the Visitation.*

If e'er within thine holy cell,  
Aught but devotion's thoughts may  
dwell,  
And if thine ear may listen more  
To the kind voice it knew before,  
Sweet sister! o'er Love's broken urn,  
Let memory's vestal taper burn;  
Though hope has turn'd with weary  
wing  
To Heav'n its holier wandering!

Love has but fix'd on Heaven thine  
eyes,

A broken-heart the sacrifice!  
Time's ruthless hand has but effac'd  
In thee the lines that beauty trac'd;  
For me it strikes the chord of death!  
Whilst Heav'n recalls the wasting  
breath!

Hark!—sounds to prayer the vesper  
bell;—

Sister! 'tis my last farewell!

H. W. L.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*Reply to Burns's*

LASSIE WI' TH' LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

*Chorus.*

Laddie wi' th' auburn hair,  
Manly laddie, faithfu' laddie,  
Wi' thee I'll share the shepherd's care,  
And I will be thy dearie O.

When Spring unfaulds her kirtle green,  
And in ilk plant an emblem's seen,  
O' frolic youth, wi' thee the scene,  
I'll share, and be thy dearie O

Laddie wi' &amp;c.

When Simmer comes and Phœbus gay  
In burnish'd dress adorns the day,  
Love's torch shall borrow frae his ray  
New sheen to sparkle blithly O.

Laddie wi' &amp;c.

When Ceres too the sickle wields,  
To crown her horn wi' Autumn's yields,  
The mirthfu' goddess o' the fields  
We'll court at dusky even O.

Laddie wi' &amp;c.

And should could Winter grimly start  
Frae blighting bowers to chill the heart,  
Thy kind embrace shall foil his art  
And yield me sweet protection O.

Laddie wi' &amp;c.

CLIO.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## THE PERSIAN EXILE'S LAMENT.

"The Persians in their creed have a pleasant imagination concerning the death of men. They say, that every one must come and die in the place where the Angel took the earth of which he had been made." *Thevenot.*

O! for Persia's land of flowers,  
Fragrant as the breath of morn,  
That I might among its bowers,  
See the spot where I was born;  
And beneath its radiant sky,  
Lay me down in peace and die.

Here beneath this rugged clime,  
Never can my spirit rest,  
Hasten on thy way, O time!  
Bring the hour that makes me blest,  
When my feet again shall roam  
Thro' my dear—my native home.

Am I destined here to die?  
Shall I never hence return?—  
Must my ashes tearless lie  
Distant from my father's urn,  
In this harsh and desert wild?—  
Holy Alla! spare thy child!

In this dark and lonesome glen,  
Low I bend the votive knee—  
Far from Angels and from men,  
Still I humbly call on thee;—  
Still adoring at the shrine  
Of my father's God and mine.

Oh! accept my ardent strain,  
In this dreary hour of need,  
And my spirit yet maintain,  
Steadfast to my father's creed;  
That I may, thro' good and ill,  
Worship only Alla still.

Yes! I feel my faith increase,  
While to thee I trembling kneel,  
And a balmy flood of peace,  
Thro' my bosom softly steal;—  
Holy Alla! to thy throne,  
Thou at last wilt bring thy own.

And that consecrated spot,  
Where the angel smiled on me,  
When to being I was brought,  
Yet once more these eyes shall see;  
And take, beneath its cloudless sky,  
One draught of bliss before I die.

Oh! for my dear—my natal clime,  
My own sweet river's gentle hum—  
Haste on thy pinion, lagging time!  
And let the hour of rapture come;  
When I shall watch the light of morn  
Gleam o'er the hills that saw me born.

Then may I yield my spirit up  
To him who rules the earth and  
skies—  
And dip with joy, my golden cup  
Into the lake of Paradise;  
And that immortal pleasure own,  
Which emanates from Alla's throne.

O.



FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE SPIRIT OF THE FIRE.

I am the subtle spirit of the fire—  
 In earth's untrodden caves and mines I sleep;  
 Forth from its deep recesses I aspire,  
 Or there in darkness, secret vigils keep:

I travel on the sulphurous lightning's wing,  
 When storms and tempests hurtle through the sky;  
 In azure robes I guard the burning spring,  
 And bow before the breeze that passes by.

I dwell within the bosom of the sun,  
 The starry legions own my mystic sway,  
 Along the comet's radiant path I run,  
 And in its gorgeous train delighted play.

Oft in the dead of night I lift my head—  
 And when you mark the clouds with ruddy glare;  
 Far thro' the Heavens a gloomy lustre shed,  
 Be sure, with subtle mischief, I am there.

'Tis at the midnight hour, I love to wake,  
 Warring with winds, my wild and wrathful yell;  
 Beware, when I destruction's sceptre take,—  
 'Twas I that laughed o'er Moscow when she fell!

I sometimes place me in the ranks of war,  
 And stir my pinion when the cannons roar,  
 Till, wearied with destruction, men abhor  
 The sight of ashes and of human gore.

I wave my wing on the volcano's height,  
 And from its crater clouds of smoke arise,  
 On these I sail along the startled night,  
 And wake the dreaming sleeper with my cries.

I bear my meteor lamp across the moor,  
 To lead the wandring traveller from his way,  
 To unfrequented bogs his steps I lure,  
 And smile to see him foul deception's prey.

When winter rages round with frost and snow,  
 I brighten in the light that cheers your dome,  
 'Tis mine to bid the dusky embers glow  
 With beams of comfort on your evening home.

And when amid the falling coals your eye  
 May castles, hills, and rocks, and fields behold,  
 Know 'tis the Sylph of fire—yes, it is I  
 Who there these beauteous fantasies unfold.

Gentle and wrathful—pleasing and yet dread,—  
 Where shall your busy search my likeness find?  
 Thro' earth and air my wide dominions spread,  
 I am a spirit of fantastic kind.

O.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

There is a feeling which shall brightly glow,  
 Forever in a warm and noble heart,  
 Nor in the gloomy scenes of deepest wo,  
 Its soothing power will from the soul depart.  
 It is the mem'ry of the days we spent  
 In youthful happiness and childhood's joys.  
 When blooming fancy oft to pleasure lent,  
 A beauty, which the world too soon destroys.  
 It cheers the Exile in a foreign clime,  
 In hours of deepest sorrow and distress,  
 In all his woes he sighs "there was a time  
 In which I too have tasted happiness."  
 And then he muses on his early youth,  
 And seems to feel that happiness again,  
 The thought has power the darkest grief to soothe,  
 And bid his soul forget to think of pain.  
 And though with deeper wo his heart is fraught,  
 And heavier is his load of bursting care,  
 When vanishes the sweetly-pleasing thought,  
 And fades his visions into empty air.  
 He would not e'er that fancied bliss resign,  
 For all ambition's state and grandeur's show,  
 That mem'ry round his heart shall long entwine,  
 Increase his joys, yet heighten all his wo.—

ANNA.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### A SONG.

Young Sally was the first and fairest  
 That flush'd with love my youthful breast,  
 And when she vow'd she held me dearest,  
 I looked on life as more than blest.  
 Believing all of heart's delight,  
 That lover's dream, or poets write  
 Were centered in my Sally.  
 Love, yet unschool'd, my lays adorning,  
 In rainbow rhymes her beauties drew,  
 Her smiling eyes like May-day morning,  
 In tears—like harebells hung with dew;  
 Ran Eden o'er on fancy's feet,  
 But ah! found nothing half so sweet,  
 Nor half so fair as Sally.  
 Though ev'ry flower assured me daily,  
 That what is fair, alas! is frail,  
 Each Muse, her year spent glad and gaily,  
 To trim for her my tender tale.  
 But ah! with all our courteous care  
 We lit on nothing half so fair—  
 Nor half so false as Sally.

F. L.



## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

The foreign intelligence of the last month has been more than usually varied and important. The policy of the British government has officially developed itself in the King's speech at the opening of Parliament; the views of Spain in respect to South America have become more explicit; intelligence of a very satisfactory and cheering nature has been heard of the Greeks; and information has been received of a powerful nation having once more lifted her arm against that execrable commonwealth of pirates that inhabit the coast of Barbary. Each of these themes presents an extensive field for political speculation; but in our present number we have not space to dilate sufficiently on each, to do it justice. Our remarks must, therefore, be confined to those topics which we consider the most important.

The tone of the King of England's speech is altogether pacific; and his ablest and most influential minister has asserted in Parliament that, at no period had the country greater reason to calculate on a long continuance of peace. The British Ministers, it is true, scarcely conceal their chagrin at the vast accession of political power which has been acquired by their ancient enemy and national rival, in consequence of her recent successes in Spain. The close connexion now existing between the monarchs of the Bourbon family, cannot, indeed, be viewed by England with complaisance, as their united strength must ever be to her a source of danger. She is conscious that they never contemplate her prosperity with good will; and that when she is unfortunate they never fail to exult. Her religion and her political institutions, have long been the objects of their implacable hatred, while her power has excited their fears, and her wealth their envy. She has often humbled their ambition, and crippled their strength. She cannot, and does not, therefore, expect that they will ever cherish towards her, feelings of sincere friendship and good will; and it would be only by an exertion of generosity, which no nation ever yet exhibited, that she could bring herself to experience a genuine desire for their aggrandizement.

From this view of the matter, it would appear to us, that sanguine as the British Ministers profess themselves to be of the long continuance of the present calm which they enjoy, they will have no hesitation to interrupt it, and once more put forth their might to deal in "bloody fray," if the coalesced Bourbons should attempt any means of increasing their power, or extending their empire beyond its present limits. We are persuaded, therefore, that any effort to re-annex South America to their dominions, will produce immediately the unsheathing of her sword, and her march to battle. Now, notwithstanding the assurances of the French to the contrary, we believe that such an effort will be made, and that too by means of French resources. Spain, it is true, may give name to the attempt. If fleets and armies be sent to South America, they may be called Spanish; they may sail from Spanish ports, and the Spanish flag may float from the tops of their masts. But French money, French officers, and, it is very probable, even French soldiers, will form the essentials of the expedition. We do not believe that the British Ministry are such fools as not to suspect that this will be the case, and should an armament of any considerable force sail from Spain, they will have no room for doubt on the subject. What then will be their conduct? Will they, in despite of all the dictates of prudence, and policy, and duty, sit stupidly still and cheat themselves with a name, when those very measures which it is their interest to oppose, nay, which they have avowed their determination to oppose, are substantially carried into effect. We cannot believe that they possess so little energy and wisdom as this inactivity would evince. They profess an ardent desire for the continuance of peace, and they are undoubtedly serious in such profession, for peace is of great consequence to the preservation of that unexampled state of prosperity their country at present enjoys. But in the event to which we allude, one important source of that prosperity, their South American trade, will be cut off—at least it will be endangered, and this will assuredly arouse them to exertion.

Under the present circumstances, we think it is politic in the British government to hold the language it does—to pretend that it is secure in the friendship of its neighbours, and satisfied that



it will enjoy that friendship for a long period to come. By such language, it may retard the rupture which it in reality foresees, and against which it is, in the mean time, diligently providing. Mr. Canning is a sagacious politician; he knows both what he is, and what he ought to be doing. He tells the rivals of his country, those whose ambitious projects it is incumbent on him to resist, the terms on which he will let them alone. He says to the only efficient branch of the house of Bourbon, "You must not molest South America. It is a part of the world with whose politics you have no business. If you interfere with them, our fleets and armies will interfere with you. In the name of our common prosperity, stay at home, therefore, and mind your own affairs, and you and we shall continue good neighbours, and obliging friends."

France professes to agree to this, provided her cousin Spain be permitted to try her own strength in reducing the Southern republics. Mr. Canning and Lord Liverpool make no objection to this, at least not such a one as to disturb their own tranquillity on its account, because they know well that Spain with her own strength can no more reduce South America to her yoke, than she could chain the moon to the rock of Gibraltar. If an expedition be sent out it will, by the degree of its strength, be easily ascertained whether France is concerned in it, and we are persuaded that Great Britain will be prepared to act accordingly. At the present moment, her armed strength is considerable, and her ministers have found sufficient pretence for asking parliament to increase it both by land and sea.

Thus has the British cabinet adopted a system of profound policy. It has told the neighbouring powers what species of aggression will provoke its hostility; and having thus warned them, it speaks as if it believed that peace would be everlasting, while it acts as if it expected immediate war. This is, perhaps, the most effectual mode of preventing that state of warfare which England at present, from commercial motives, earnestly wishes to avoid. Her language soothes while her measures intimidate. But should both fail, and war become inevitable, she will not be taken by surprise.

This appears to us to be the true light in which to view the present political system pursued by the British government. It

is a system framed exclusively for the benefit of Britain, founded on a thorough knowledge of her interests, and adapted solely to her particular advantage. There may be patriotism, but there is not much philanthropy in its motive. It may be nationally wise, but it is nationally selfish. A generous solicitude for the rights of man and the independence of nations, has had nothing to do in suggesting it. Mr. Canning would call such a principle of action *Quixotic*, and utterly unbecoming so cool and calculating a cabinet as that which now presides over the destinies of England. But a time was, when what is now called in England, *Quixotism*, would have received the name of generosity; when her statesmen would have considered principles to be as worthy of the support of a great and noble minded nation as interest. Yes, England has before now rescued the weak from the strong. Elizabeth feared not to provoke the terrors of the Spanish Armada by assisting the Dutch, and Anne preserved the same people from sinking beneath the formidable power of Louis the Fourteenth. The ardent and chivalric spirits of Chatham and of Burke, would have scorned to prefer pecuniary considerations to the glory of defending the weak, and arresting the progress of unprincipled ambition.

But in these latter days there is no chivalry in politics; we have now no Lion-hearted Richards at the head of governments, and it is, perhaps as well that we have not. To blame the ministers of England, therefore, for making the interests of their own people, whose industry and enterprise entitle them to the prosperity they enjoy, their chief concern, may be wrong. They see that the governments of all nations, with whom they have any connexion, follow the same course; and to adopt another, they may suppose, would be to abandon the highest duty which their situation calls on them to perform. We could heartily wish that they had drawn the sword in favour of the Spanish constitutionalists. It would have been for the benefit of mankind had they done so; but that it would not have been for the benefit of England, the prevailing consideration with Mr. Canning and his colleagues, is scarcely questionable.

While on this subject of generosity actuating the councils of nations, we cannot but advert with pride to the tone of several



passages in our President's late Message, as being an exception to the usual cold-heartedness of such official communications; and, in particular, as forming a pleasing contrast to the cautious and spiritless tenor of the speech of the British King. Mr. Monroe was indeed remarkably happy in seizing on the time when he might display the magnanimity of his sentiments and feelings as a philanthropist, in perfect consistency with his duty to the particular nation over whose affairs he presides. In this respect, he was certainly more advantageously circumstanced than the British King: but that he had the sagacity and the energy to avail himself of this advantage in the manner he did, is creditable to himself, and has reflected honour on his country.

Every account latterly received from the Greeks is of the most cheering description. They are going forward in their march to a permanent independence with a rapidity that must be truly mortifying to the Randolphites who lately treated their efforts with such contempt, while to Webster and his liberal minded coadjutors, it must communicate feelings of the most delightful exultation. Notwithstanding the croakings of the congressional opponents of the Greeks, so persuaded are the moneyed men of London of the final triumph of their cause, that they feel no objection to take the bonds of their new government as sufficient security for millions of money. Ought not the representatives of the most liberally governed people on earth—a people whose chief magistrate lately spoke to the world concerning the Greeks in a style which made every generous American proud—ought they not to be ashamed, when they reflect on the cool disheartening evasion with which they declined passing a vote of encouragement to the heroic exertions of the descendants of the most illustrious republicans that ever adorned the annals of mankind? But enough of this humiliating subject. We cannot trust ourselves on it, for we become warm whenever it recurs to our recollection.

Our Congress has now before it several subjects of great national importance, among which the tariff, and the abolition of imprisonment for debt, are the most generally interesting. On the tariff, we must, for the present, refrain from expressing our

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sentiments, because we have not space to enlarge sufficiently on the subject, and we are unwilling on such a question to perform only half-done work. On the subject of imprisoning debtors there seems scarcely any but one opinion to exist. We are indeed astonished that so useless and inhuman a relic of feudal jurisprudence, should have been so long tolerated in a country which has in so many instances displayed its freedom from prejudice, and emancipated itself from the barbarities of the Gothic code under which our ancestors groaned.

The ill-fated caucus system of making Presidents, has been doomed, through the imprudence of its own adherents, to undergo a scrutiny and a flagellation in the Senate of the United States, which we hope will have the effect of opening the eyes of many who yet remain prejudiced in its favour, to the unconstitutional and anti-republican tendency of its character. Mr. Hayne deserves much credit for the patriotic zeal and ability which he displayed on this occasion. There was only one argument advanced by its advocates, which he did not triumphantly refute, merely because he did not advert to it. Had he tried it, he would have found it to dissolve into empty nothing, at the touch of that sound reason, which he has proved that he possessed the ability of applying to it. The argument to which we allude, is that so frequently used, of the benefit which caucusing on one occasion conferred on the country by securing a democratic ascendancy in the government. But Mr. Hayne might have told those who eulogized its former usefulness, that even then, when it did most good, it was but a useful evil—it was the employment of a dangerous remedy for the extirpation of a more dangerous disease. But now when the system of our government is in sound health, it is surely preposterous to continue an application so manifestly possessed of such deleterious qualities.

But if a medical illustration should not have been sufficient to convince their opponents, the friends of the constitution might have also adduced a very powerful one from history. When the Dictatorship was first introduced into Roman polity, it was a necessary evil ; but it saved the Commonwealth, and was several times resorted to in cases of emergency. This institu-



tion, however, useful as it several times was, became at length the destruction of the constitution, and enslaved the people. In the hands of Cincinnatus and of Fabius it was a protection to the nation, but in those of Sylla and Cæsar, it destroyed its liberties. In like manner a caucus may have once saved us from the grasp of despotism, only to worm itself so much into our favour as to enable it to become itself despotic.

We are obliged to be brief, and shall conclude these remarks by observing, that Mr. Barbour's confidence in the bridge that carried him once safely over the stream, might happen to be misplaced, for time makes great alterations in the stability of such structures, as well as in the expediency and propriety of political measures. The bridge that bears the passenger safely to day, may deceive him to morrow, and by giving way beneath his weight, hurry him to irretrievable destruction.

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#### EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING PREFIXED TO THIS NUMBER.

The engraving with which the present number of this Magazine is embellished, represents an incident in our history which has peculiar claims to the attention of Americans. It is the first appearance in public life, of him whose career through it, was attended with results more glorious and more useful to his country, and perhaps to mankind, than that of any other human individual known to history—the illustrious Washington. This interesting event is related very circumstantially in the novel of the Wilderness, from a passage in which, the artist has obtained his idea of the design which his pencil has delineated in a manner, in our opinion, highly creditable to both his taste and his talents.

The drawing represents an interview between Mr. Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, and Washington, under circumstances of a peculiar nature, and on a subject of more than ordinary interest to the country. In order that the reader may the more perfectly comprehend the subject, it may be useful to recall

to his memory a few of the most prominent features which then characterized the political aspect of the times.

The immense and fertile region which lies west of the Alleghany Mountains, had become an object of contention between the crowns of Great Britain and France. The servants of the latter power had been the more forward in pushing their pretensions, and had actually taken possession of Western Pennsylvania, by fortifying themselves on the banks of French Creek. They had also, by studiously gratifying the humours of the savage nations who were then extremely numerous in the contested territory, being almost its sole occupiers, made the most warlike and powerful of them, their firm friends and allies.

These proceedings could not be viewed but with much dissatisfaction by the British colonists, who considered the country thus siezed upon, as belonging exclusively to their own nation. A number of merchants, principally of Philadelphia, therefore, associated together for the purpose of occupying the territory around the head of the Ohio, as an eligible position from which not only to repel the encroachments of the French, but to establish commercial connexions with the Indians. A company of men were in consequence sent out to form the intended establishment. They had selected their station, and were building their fort, when a strong band of savages in the French interest, attacked them, and almost totally cut them off.

This outrage naturally made a great noise, not only throughout the British colonies, but even in Europe, and was in reality the spark that kindled the subsequent war, in which, after the defeat of General Braddock, the British nation put forth its strength with such irresistible effect as compelled France to purchase peace, by a surrender of all her possessions on this continent, north of the Ohio.

However, before making a national quarrel of the dispute between the Ohio company and the French, it was thought requisite, from a proper regard to justice, and the interests of humanity, to demand an explanation from the aggressors of their conduct and designs. For this purpose Governor Dinwiddie was instructed by the British Ministry to send an envoy to Fort Le Beuf, the name of the principal French station in the



disputed territory. But the terror of the inflamed savages inhabiting the intervening wilderness was such, that among all the patriotic and gallant men, then residing in the colonies, not one could be found hardy enough to engage in so hazardous a service.

We shall now take the liberty of laying before our readers the passage in "The Wilderness," from which the Engraving is taken, which will obviate the necessity of our making any further remarks on the subject.

"Domestic concerns and family interference prevented others, who might not have the same objection to trying the effects of negotiation and remonstrance, before the drawing of that sword, whose unsheathing might involve two powerful nations in all the evils of a tedious and sanguinary war.

In short, Governor Dinwiddie, after he had decided on the propriety of the measure, found so much difficulty in finding any one qualified for the hazardous service, willing to undertake it, that he began to harbour thoughts of abandoning the idea, especially as the winter season was approaching, until the ensuing spring.

As he was one day in his private apartment, meditating with considerable anxiety on this subject, he was informed that a very respectable looking young man requested admittance to his presence. The Governor desired him to be shown into a front chamber, where he in a few minutes attended him.

The Governor, although, as we have seen, his mind had been rendered uneasy by contemplating the unfortunate aspect of a favourite and important measure, saluted the stranger with much complaisance; for notwithstanding his youth, being apparently not above twenty years of age, there was in his manner and aspect an air of dignity and intelligence, with which the Governor was struck, and before which any feeling of ill-humour that might have arisen from the pleasant nature of the reflections from which he had been interrupted, entirely gave way.

As this young man will make a considerable figure during the remainder of this history, it is presumed that a description of his appearance on this occasion will not be unacceptable to the reader.

His stature was exactly six feet, and his form a happy medium between the usual slenderness of youth and the more rounded muscularity of manhood. His chest was already somewhat full and expanded, as if to make room for a liberal and capacious heart. His limbs were in just proportion to the rest of his frame

and so free and unincumbered in all their motions, as to give a peculiar gracefulness to his gait and gestures. His shoulders were broad, but finely shaped, and harmonizing so well with the stateliness and just symmetry of the other parts of his figure as to impart to the whole an extraordinary degree of dignity and majesty of mien ; and indicating at the same time, strength, hardihood, and activity.

With respect to his countenance, if ever there was one that expressed true nobleness and magnanimity of soul, it was his. It was of the oval form with a remarkably high forehead, which was open, serious, kind and candid. His sparkling blue eyes displayed the fire of passion, combined with the coolness of wisdom, while the movements of his eye-brows assured the beholder that in every contest the latter should gain the victory. His nose was of a commanding agreeable form, neither exactly Grecian nor Roman, but partaking partly of both, and it was perhaps, this feature which most forcibly impressed the beholder with the idea of his fearless intrepidity and undeviating integrity. But it was in the expression of his mouth that the benevolence, generosity, and tenderness of his nature were chiefly to be seen; for his were lips to which no one could ever impute the utterance of falsehood, calumny, or even unnecessary censure. His chin was muscular, round, and full, but agreeably corresponding with the general contour of his countenance. As to his complexion, it was at this time slightly sun-burnt, but still affording a pleasant mixture of that fairness and ruddiness which is so becoming in youth, and which generally betokens an originally healthy and still unbroken constitution.

His dress was at once modest and genteel, affecting in no particular either to despise, or to be fastidiously imitative of the fashion of the day. It was neither gaudy, nor slovenly, but such as a gentleman who, while he does not despise his person, seems conscious that his mind is his better part, might be expected to wear. When we have said this, and when we add that it was a mourning-dress, (for this young gentleman had lately succeeded to the ample estate of a deceased, tenderly beloved, and much lamented elder brother) the reader will easily figure it to himself, without our giving him more particulars.

He was a native of Virginia, and descended from one of the most respectable families in that province ; but in the opinion of Governor Dinwiddie on this occasion, such a youth would have made any family respectable. His name was—**GEORGE WASHINGTON**—a name which is now synonymous with virtue, and to pronounce which is to eulogize.

After the usual salutation was over, Mr. Washington presented an introductory letter from a valued friend of the Governor, who immediately read it as follows:



“May it please your Excellency,

“This letter will be handed to you by Mr. George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a young gentleman of whom I doubt not report has already spoken favourably to you. For myself, I profess to feel a high respect for his promising talents, and a still higher for that steady conduct, unsullied virtue, and strong sense of honour which have hitherto marked his character.

“To speak thus decisively in behalf of so young a man, may seem to your excellency, to be a somewhat overstrained recommendation, but if I know any thing of the characters of men, I am convinced that in giving credit to Mr. Washington for all the virtues and talents my language may ascribe to him, you will not find yourself deceived.

“The ardour of his patriotic feelings, together with his commiserating the distresses under which our back-settlers now labour, and, no doubt, a laudable ambition to signalize himself in doing good to his country, induce him to solicit what he is grieved to find so many of higher name and pretensions have lately refused—the appointment of envoy to the French commandant at Le Bœuf.

“Should it please your excellency to confide to him the management of that arduous and important mission, I am persuaded that young, and consequently inexperienced, as he is, you will have no reason to regret having done so; for, I believe that if prudence, intrepidity, and perseverance in the attainment of the public good can succeed, whatever enterprize he conducts must be successful.

“I have the honour to be your excellency’s sincere friend and most obedient humble servant.

—————”

“Why! Mr. Washington,” observed the Governor, when he had done reading, “this is really a complimentary letter; but Mr. — is a good judge of characters, and I believe he has not mistaken yours. Your brother was a brave man, true to his country, and I think you cannot be inferior to him. When would it suit you to go on this mission?”

“At a day’s warning, whenever your excellency orders—”

“Suppose—let me see—this is Tuesday the 23d of October. In a week from this date could you be ready?”

“TO-MORROW—TO DAY—THIS HOUR—AND AT ALL HOURS—I AM AT THE SERVICE OF MY COUNTRY.”

## AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW NOVEL, entitled "O'HALLORAN, or the Insurgent Chief, an Irish historical Tale of 1798." by the author of "The Wilderness" and "The Spectre of the Forest," will be published about the beginning of May, by Messrs Carey and Lea. In the first and second numbers of our Magazine, we inserted some extracts from this novel which were so favourably received, that the author has been induced to commit the whole to the press, in order that the curiosity of those who wish to know the sequel of the story, may have an opportunity of gratification, sooner than could possibly be the case, by its appearance, in detached portions, in a periodical work. It may be proper to add, that the leading events of the narrative conform more strictly to historical fact than is usual in works of fancy.

Proposals have been issued, for publishing in the city of New York, a new periodical work, to be entitled the Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Magazine, a monthly journal, devoted to the arts and trades of the United States; to be edited by John Griscom, Professor of Mechanical Philosophy and Chemistry in the New York Institution, and author of "A Year in Europe."

Noah Webster, Esq. intends to proceed to England, for the purpose of publishing the large Dictionary he promised in his small one, 18 years ago, in that country.

*History of Boston.*—A history of that city, in one volume octavo, is now in press at Boston. It commences with the first settlement, and is continued down to the present time, including occasional observations and remarks, embellished with elegant engravings, representing the principal public buildings, with a particular description of each.

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## RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

History of a Voyage to the Chinese sea. By John White. Lieutenant in the United States Navy.

A journal of a residence in China, by a young American during the years, 1817, '18, and '19.

A System of Midwifery, by W. P. Dewees, M. D. 1 vol. 8vo.



Sketches of the Earth and its Inhabitants. By J. E. Worcester, A. A. S. author of the Universal Gazetteer.

The Light of Truth in the mind of man, the only rule of true Faith and Practice ; With some observations on the formality and idolatry of religious sects. 12mo. p. p. 110.

Mr. Strong, of Pittsfield, Mass. has recently published a Tragedy entitled "The Fall of Iturbide, or the Delivery of Mexico."

A new Drama was announced at the New York Theatre, on the 23d ult. entitled, "*La Fayette, or the Castle of Olmutz*," written by a young gentleman of that city. The incident is founded on the daring exploit of an American gentleman, and a Hanoverian, to rescue La Fayette from his long imprisonment at Olmutz.

A new play has been performed in New York ; entitled The Avenger's Vow, or the Haunt of the Banditti, a dramatic Romance, by the Dramatist of the novel of the Spy.

A New Tragedy entitled "Superstition" was lately brought forward on the Philadelphia Stage, and favourably received. It is a chaste and manly production, full of that spirited and, at the same time, dignified dialogue, which should characterize a well written Tragedy. We cannot help remarking that it is founded on historical events similar to those which form the subject of the novel of the "Spectre of the Forest." Several of the incidents and characters bear a close resemblance to those of the novel. The "Spectre" in the novel, and the "Unknown," in the play, are both representations of Goffe the regicide. It is but justice to the author of the play, however, to state that he had formed its plot before the publication of the novel.

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## FOREIGN WORKS RE-PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

Duke Christian of Luneburg, by Miss Porter. 2 vols.

An account of the Varioloid Epidemic, which has lately prevailed in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland ; with observations on the identity of chicken-pox with modified small-pox ; in a letter to Sir James M'Grigor—by John Thomson, M. D. 8vo. pp. 418.

The Albigensis, a Romance by the author of Bertram, &c. in 3 vols. 12 mo.

Memoir of John Aiken. M. D. by Lucy Aiken, authoress of Queen Elizabeth and James I. with a selection of his miscellaneous pieces. biographical, moral, and critical. 8vo. pp. 500.

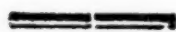
The Deformed Transformed, a Drama, by Lord Byron. Royal 18mo. pp. 84

Sermons preached in St. John's church, Glasgow, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Minister of St. John's church, Glasgow. 12mo. pp. 340.

Confessions of an English Opium eater, being an extract from the life of a scholar, first published in the London Magazine. 18mo. pp. 184.

The Museum of Foreign Literature and Science, No. 21.

Warreniana; with notes, critical and explanatory, by the editor of a Quarterly Review.—This work is said to have been written by the author of Rejected Addresses.



## BRITISH LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The English Spy. An original work under this title, is nearly ready for publication. It is to embrace characteristic sketches and scenes of the present age, and particularly of high life, including Eton, and the Universities.

*Biographica Poetica*, or Lives of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, in 4 vols. octavo, including every poet in the collection of Chalmers, Campbell, &c.

Miss Louisa Princes has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a prose translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

Memoirs of the Life of Riego and his family, including a history of Spain, from the restoration of Ferdinand to the present time, are preparing for the press, under the superintendence of the Canon Riego, and for the benefit of the widow of the unfortunate General.

A new Poem is announced entitled "A Mid-summers Day's Dream." By Edwin Atherstone, author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum." &c.

Areus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign; written by himself, it is said will soon appear in 2 vols. 12mo.

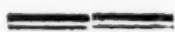
The Deserted City; Eva, a Tale; in 2 cantos; and Electricity; poems, by J. Bounden, are nearly ready for publication.



A Specimen of some truly National and Original Poems, illustrative of the wars and customs of Britain and Rome, during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, will appear shortly.

Eugenia ; a Poem, by Mrs. E. P. Wolferstan, author of the Enchanted Flute, and other poems from La Fontaine.

A Catalogue of the Pictures in England, collected and arranged with the permission of the proprietors. This work will be divided into counties, and will appear periodically.



## RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Essay on the original progress of Gothic Architecture, from the German of Mallor.

Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Great. 2 vols. 8vo.

The historical life of Johanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence ; and correlative details of the literature and manners of Italy and Provence, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; with portraits. 2 vols. 8vo.

Faustus, from the German of Goethe. 1 vol. 8vo.

Kotzebue's Literary and Political Life ; translated from the German.

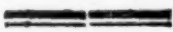
A volume of Romances, by Mr. C. Ollier, author of "Altham and his Wife."

Isabella, or the Tempter, a Romance ; by the author of "Altham and his Wife."

The Ionian, or Women in the Nineteenth century, by Miss Renou, authoress of "Village Conversations," "Temple of Truth," &c. 3 vols.

Travels in the interior of Southern Africa, by William Bursell, Esq. with a map and 116 engravings, 2 vols. quarto.

Six Months Residence and Travels in Mexico, by William Bullock, F. L. S. 8vo.



## Marriages.

In Georgetown S. C. 30th Dec. last by the Rev. Henry Gibbes, W. H. Jones, of Philad. to *Mary Pyatt Allston*, youngest daughter of Benjamin Allston, Esq. of the former place.—By the Rev. James P. Wilson, D. D. *Charles B. Penrose*, Esq. of Carlisle, Penn. to Miss *Valeria F. Biddle*, daughter of late William M. Biddle, Esq.—By the Rev. Dr. Collin, Mr. *Bernard Wence*, to Miss *Amy Headly*, both of the district of Southwark.—By Elder F. Plummer, Doctor *Ellis C. Har-  
lon*, to Miss *Ann C. Merton*, both of Delaware County.—By the Rev. Dr. Broad-

head, Mr. *David Albertson*, to Miss *Joanna Scank*, both of the Northern liberties.—By the Rev. Dr. Broadhead, Mr. *Joseph G. Auner*, to Miss *Mary Ann Whitman*, all of this city.—By the Rev. Benjamin Allen, Mr. *David Quinn*, of Delaware county, to Miss *Rebecca* daughter of Mr. John Ashton, of this city.

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## Deaths.

At the residence of his brother, in Harrisburgh, *John Frasier*, Esq. formerly and for many years a clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.—In the 50th year of his age *Joseph Pleasants*.—Of consumption Mr. *Samuel Wheeler*, in the 41st year of his age.—On the 18th ult. Mr. *Peter Buckius* aged 8.—On the 16th ult. Mr. *James Porter*, of this city.—On the 18th ult. Mr. *Zenas Fearing* of Kensington—On the 11th ult. in the 77th year of his age, *John Field*, of this city.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Essay on Education, and that on the Rise and Declension of Literary Taste, are set apart for the next number.

We have on hand several amusing tales, from which we shall select for early publication, those which we deem most suitable for the perusal of our readers.

“The Prattle of an Old Friend to the Young” shall appear in our next.

“The Reviewer Reviewed” is well written; but the subject renders it unfit for our work. Religious controversy, above all things on earth, we wish to avoid. It is true that this article does not advocate the exclusive merit of any particular creed; but then it rails, and in no very meek spirit either, against a certain critic for having formed his literary taste in the school of Blair, rather than in that of Knox. This is a subject that we have no wish to see agitated in our pages. We should be glad, however, to receive from a writer who holds so keen a pen, a communication on some subject suited to the nature of our work. The tasteless ribaldry of Lord Byron, for instance, might afford him a proper object for moral, as well as literary castigation.

Want of room has obliged us to postpone the insertion of the communication concerning the *Henriade*. We offer the same circumstance as an apology for the postponement of the verses entitled, “What is a poet?”

The verses written by *Cornelia* shall receive insertion in the next number.

The communications of *S. L. Fairfield*, and *Rip Van Winkle* are under consideration.